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Any More for the Cape?

LAST week, the combined pressure of Mr. Dulles and Mr. Gaitskell forced Sir Anthony Eden to abjure the use of force. His promise was reluctant and ambiguous, but it has been universally recognised as binding. Barring an unlikely act of provocation on Egypt's part, it is clear that Britain will not go to war over the Canal. Having ruled out force, we now have to choose between two alternatives: to try to starve Egypt into surrender or to negotiate.

There seems a real danger—not allayed by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's speech in opening the London Conference on Wednesday—that Britain, France and the U.S. will attempt the first alternative, and seek by diversion of their shipping round the Cape to boycott Suez until Nasser comes to terms. Such a move would, of course, be preferable to any crazy attempt to force a passage of the Canal. But boycott is still a rash and ill-considered idea. Even before this week's conference opened it was clear that Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Persia and Pakistan disliked the plan and preferred to submit the dispute directly to the U.N., while West Germany and Norway are at best reluctant supporters.

Worse still, the U.S. seems to be having second thoughts about its rash promise to indemnify European countries for the dollars they would have to spend on buying Caribbean oil. Until Congress meets in January, the emergency aid America can supply is limited to a maximum of $250 million; while the Export-Import Bank, which Mr. Dulles has suggested as the appropriate credit agency, charges interest rates of 3½ to 6 per cent. Britain, lurching steadily towards a new exchange crisis, and France, on the verge of a fresh wave of inflation, are in no position to contract new dollar loans. And nothing has yet been said about meeting other export losses which would follow a Canal boycott.

It seems unlikely, moreover, that the scheme would succeed in its object. A boycott of the Canal, even if agreed at the London Conference, would not, in itself, damage Egypt's economy seriously. Her trading balance has certainly deteriorated since her sterling assets were frozen, but it is likely that the Communist bloc will extend long-term credits for essential projects, such as financing the cotton crop, and will supply increasing quantities of manufactured goods and capital equipment. Indian, Japanese and West German firms have also announced their willingness to help. Short of imposing a naval blockade—in itself an act of war—we cannot bring Egypt to her knees.

Finally, re-routing of liners and tankers, by reducing pressure on the Canal, has already counteracted the effect of the withdrawal of the Anglo-French pilots. With only 90 trained pilots, Egypt has been able to avoid a hold-up. In six weeks' time she will have 100 more, and can resume normal service. A total boycott would merely allow her to speed up her training programme, and advance the date when she will be able to prove to the world her capacity to operate the Canal unaided.

For a variety of practical reasons, therefore, Britain would be well advised to negotiate. So far, we have refused to talk to Egypt except to state our own terms. It is now clear that we no longer intend to impose these terms by force and are incapable of imposing them by pressure. We must, then, concentrate on what should have been, all along, the object of our policy—securing the free passage of the Canal. Nasser has signified his willingness to re-negotiate the 1888 Convention and accept binding obligations under the U.N. He may be prepared to go further; but how far, only negotiations can reveal. The form they take is of secondary importance: the Users' Committee can negotiate directly with Nasser, or indirectly through U.N. arbitration. The essential thing is to get round the conference table before Britain has damaged her interests and alienated her allies further, and before Egypt has been driven deeper into the Communist orbit. As Sir Frederick Leith-Ross wisely reminded readers of *The Times* on Wednesday: "Many international conferences have begun with much wider differences between the parties and have yet been brought to a successful conclusion."

Comments on the Week's News

The Birth of Ghana

We congratulate Mr. Lennox-Boyd on his prompt decision to recognise the validity of the Gold Coast election results. Next March, the self-governing British colony of the Gold Coast will cease to exist and the independent sovereign state of Ghana will come into being. We congratulate also Dr. Nkrumah, whose long struggle for independence—first as agitator, then as popular leader and finally as colonial Prime Minister—is now crowned with success. He will be the first to understand that this success marks the beginning of a new struggle for clean, good government in Ghana. An administration based on "business men's corruption" might strangle both democracy and independence. Nkrumah has shown in recent weeks that he is determined to rout out such malpractices as already exist. Finally, Dr. Busia and his colleagues in the opposition must appreciate that an almost equal responsibility falls on them. They have legitimate political objectives and they are the spokesmen of doubts and anxieties, some of which are understandable. With independence, they accept the obligation of pursuing their aims by strictly constitutional means. It will be the wish of all who have the future of Africa at heart that Ghana shall flourish as an example in African democracy.

Emergency in Northern Rhodesia

By contrast with the Gold Coast, comes disastrous news from Central Africa. The declaration of emergency on the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt is both tyrannical and irresponsible. It is tyrannical because not one instance of violence or threat to public order has been quoted to justify the declaration; irresponsible because its inevitable result will be to destroy the moderate influences amongst the Africans, build up the extremists and racialists as martyred heroes, and incite an ugly racial conflict. The Northern Rhodesian government—presumably with the support of the Colonial Office—has already detained more than 70 Africans, banned public assemblies, called in troops from Southern Rhodesia, and used tear gas, batons and bullets. What is so frightening is that the only excuse for these strong-arm methods is the industrial disputes of the past few months. The central issue has been rivalry between the Africa Mineworkers' Union and the Staff Association, and there has been a struggle between moderates and extremists in the Union. These are purely industrial matters, without any record of serious violence, and provide no excuse for political interference. The resort to force represents the capitulation of the Northern Rhodesian government (and the Colonial Office) to the pressure of the white settlers. For the past few months Southern Rhodesian and federal leaders—Garfield Todd, Malvern, Welensky—have been demanding action against the African organisations of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, which have always opposed federation, and have been intent on destroying racial discrimination. The Colonial Office has now obeyed their dictates, thereby sacrificing Harry Nkumbula and Lawrence Katilungu, leaders of the African Congress and the Miners' Union, who have been making valiant efforts in their political and industrial organisations to give a constructive lead against racialism. The least we should demand is the appointment of an independent commission to expose the real facts of life in Northern Rhodesia.

Tougher Line on Cyprus

As expected, last week's debate on Cyprus revealed a hardening of the government's position. It is clear from Mr. Lennox-Boyd's description of Lord Radcliffe's terms of reference that the Cyprus assembly will have powers over only a limited range of subjects: finance, commerce, labour and education. Defence and foreign policy have always, of course, been regarded as "reserved powers" of the governor—at least until some agreement has been reached on self-determination. Internal security has now been added to this category. When negotiations with Makarios were broken off in March, one of the three points at issue was the duration of the governor's temporary control of internal security; the Archbishop asked for a maximum period of two years, while Mr. Lennox-Boyd flatly refused to fix a date. He now insists that internal security should remain under British control "permanently." He also made it clear that he will make no effort to reopen negotiations for the present, that he will not revise the amnesty terms, and that he will not bring Makarios to trial. In short, Britain will continue to hold down Cyprus by force, even at the cost of alienating some sections of world opinion. The Suez climb-down has, paradoxically, strengthened ministers in this resolve. They are convinced that, had a British striking force been ready in Cyprus at the end of July, immediate action could have been taken against Egypt. Instead, it took a month to collect the force, giving Egypt time to mobilise world opinion and alert the Labour Party. By the time a policy of force had become militarily feasible, the diplomatic and political risks made it out of the question. The Suez crisis, the government feels, reveals the need for a powerful British force capable of taking immediate and effective action to meet any threat to our vital interests in the Middle East: the only suitable base for such a force is Cyprus.

Grist for the Millers

The abolition of the bread subsidy at the end of this month threatens hardship for small incomes and large families. The 8½d. loaf will rise at once by 1½d. and price decontrol will lead to higher profits. Small bakers, who have long been complaining of inadequate margins, have announced that 11d. will be a reasonable price for the London loaf, with limits of 1s. and even 1s. 2d. in other areas. The multiple bakers, on the other hand, who get bigger rebates from the millers, can sell more cheaply. The small man is already realising that the "freedom" for which he has clamoured may complete the decline of individual bakeries, whose numbers have dropped from 20,000 to 10,000 since 1941. The field will then be clear for the combines to come to terms. Since the millers, led by Ranks and Spillers, have been steadily expanding their baking interests, the circle of monopoly will be complete, except in so far as the Co-operative mills will care to challenge it. Still more serious is the threat to nutritional standards with the abolition of the 80 per cent. extraction rate. National flour is to be replaced by "basic" flour of 70 per cent. extraction which, though fortified with iron, vitamin B, nicotinic acid and calcium, will contain less of other essential nutrients such as pyindoxine, pantothenic acid, biotin, folic acid and riboflavine. Faced by an attack from the Medical Research Council, whose published memorandum of evidence now reveals that, in its view, the loss of these elements "constitutes a risk" to health "which can be avoided", the government has belatedly asked the Food Standards Committee to consider whether more extensive regulations are needed "to protect the consumer". In the meantime the miller is getting more for the "waste products" he sells back to the farmer as feeding stuffs than he pays for the whole of the original wheat he buys.

The H-Bomb x 700?

The discovery of the "anti-neutron" particle by Edward Lofgren's atom-smashing team at Berkeley, California, raises interesting questions for the nuclear physicists and natural philosophers. For one thing, it shows how little was, in fact, known about the nucleus of the atom when bomb-makers used the chain-reaction effect to split it. Since then the researches on the mesons have revealed still incomplete information. This same laboratory, Berkeley, using the "Bevatron," until recently the world's biggest atom-smashing machine, discovered the "anti-proton." Twenty-five years ago C. D. Anderson (also of Berkeley), discovered, and P. M. S. Blackett confirmed, the existence of the "positron" or "anti-electron." Those show that nature reflects opposites—the "positron" has a positive charge, while the electron has a negative. The anti-proton has a negative charge, while the proton has a positive; and the neutron and anti-neutron have no electric charges and are a collision of mass. When the latter are made to collide in a Bevatron bombardment, they are said to release in their mutual annihilation 700 times more energy than the hydrogen-bomb reaction, which, in turn, is 1,000 times greater than the energy from the fission-reaction. But the physicists hasten to assure us that the neutron-anti-neutron effect has no foreseeable practical application: much greater energy is needed to produce the new particles than they produce by annihilation. That was what Lord Rutherford said when Cockcroft and Walton first artificially split the atom. They used a million electron volts to release 16 million electron volts from each collision; but only one in 10 million protons (the "projectiles" they used) ever hit a bulls-eye. That was why Rutherford to his dying day maintained that the atom "would always be a sink of energy and never a reservoir." It would be a rash scientist who would repeat Rutherford's prophesy, and physicists may well be asking themselves some soul-searching questions: The H-bomb releases a powerful flux of neutrons. What about anti-neutrons multiplying that effect 700 times? Is there still no conceivable possibility of an atmospheric chain-reaction? As Sir Robert Robinson asked a year ago, has "every possibility of setting fire to the lighter elements quite certainly been excluded, if nuclear relay is taken to further stages?"

The Relativity of History

It will not be long before the official version of Stalin's biography comes out: for the publication of the fortieth volume of the Great Soviet Encyclopedia, containing Stalin, is due in the near future. In the meantime the editors have issued the forty-second volume, which deals with the letter T and contains, for instance, a new two-page biography of Marshal Tito. He is described as a "great Yugoslav politician and statesman, and one of the prominent leaders of the international

labour movement". The biography goes on at length to emphasise the normalisation and improvement of Soviet-Yugoslav relations, particularly since 1955, but offers no explanation of the 1948 Stalin-Tito feud. There is also a one-and-a-half page biography of Togliatti, which mentions his presence at the 20th Congress and gives a summary of the speech he made on that occasion. But, though other references to the events of the last few months are to be found in this volume, there is none concerning Togliatti's statements on de-Stalinisation. One of the most noteworthy chapters of the volume, which was put on sale in Moscow just before the visit of the Japanese Premier Hatoyama, is that in which Soviet rights to the Kurile Islands are once more stressed. In 1875, according to the Encyclopedia, "Russia was forced to renounce her indisputable rights in the Kuriles and to transfer them to Japan so as to make the latter give up unjustified claims to Sakhalin". The 1945 Soviet landing in the Kurile Islands and the southern part of Sakhalin Island was thus only an act "of liberation and restitution". The Encyclopedia, nevertheless, takes the opportunity of recognising Japan's rights to Okinawa. It states that "the United States, strong in their position as principal imperialist power, laid claim to several isles such as Okinawa, the Marianas, etc., which belong to Japan". A reference to the Columbia-Viking Concise Encyclopædia—a standard U.S. authority—reveals, by contrast, that "the Marianas . . . were sold to Germany in 1889, except Guam which became a U.S. possession. Japan occupied the German islands in 1914, received mandate in 1922, claimed them as possession in 1935. Captured in 1944 by U.S. forces. In 1947, the group (exclusive of Guam) was included in U.S. Trust Territory of the Pacific Isles, under U.N. trusteeship."

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

The Irrepressible Rentier

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Capitalism has reared its ugly head—and in the most unexpected place. It had, of course, been common knowledge that certain shady customers hanging round the markets bought state loan certificates at a heavy discount. It came as a shock, however, to learn that Alexander Kukin had been assuring himself of a cool half-million roubles a year this way. When the police, acting on information provided by its anti-speculation organs, arrested Kukin at his country place near Moscow (he had bought it for 280,000 roubles) they found a ZIM saloon (cost price 40,000), a Pobeda (cost price 20,000) and about five million roubles worth of loan certificates. Yet Kukin's job was that of an agronomist on a village agricultural board (salary 850 roubles a month). How had he done it?

Paradoxically Kukin owed the good fortune that accompanied him for nearly ten years, since the day he slipped out of the hands of the police at a Moscow market by conveniently dropping a briefcase containing 120,000 roubles worth of certificates, to the fact that he believed something that the people he bought depreciated certificates from did not believe—that they are a good investment.

Once a year a state loan is floated, and once a year the trade unions call on their members to subscribe sums equivalent to two, three or four weeks' earnings. Extraction is painless: the contribution is deducted monthly on the pay-sheet. The certificates are redeemable at par in 20 years but some of them bear premiums (there are four lotteries a year for each issue) and others—a considerable proportion—are redeemable earlier, according to the draw. However, because the certificates are of low denomination, most people have to wait the full 20 years before *all* their certificates are redeemed. Hence the willingness to sell to the Kukins of this world, though they offer only ten per cent. of the face value.

Taking advantage of the fact that for several days before the fortnightly pay-day comes around a very large number of Soviet citizens are broke, Kukin was as long ago as 1947 buying hundreds of thousands of certificates a day in the markets. A year or two later he was dealing in millions and by the time he was caught he had a dozen large suitcases full of certificates. On that day he drew premiums on 17 winning numbers. He and his family had dozens of separate accounts in the savings bank—with six-figure deposits in every one of them.

The Kukin case sets some awkward problems. Was Kukin breaking the law in buying certificates from people only too willing to sell? If, as some aver, the certificates are non-transferable, what about those many people who give them away as presents to the younger generation? And if they are not transferable to whom do the millions Kukin won rightly belong today? If, as seems probable, his property is confiscated by the state, the state will be the richer for the money he obtained on other folk's premiums.

In fact, people are wondering whether the right place for Kukin is in the dock or in the museum of the Institute of Parasitology. They have no doubt about the position he would occupy in a capitalist society.

Stockholm

The Welfare State Continues

A Correspondent in Stockholm writes: Sweden's general election last Sunday contained no surprises—except for that section of the Conservative press which had indulged in wishful thinking about a debacle of the Social Democratic Party, which regularly polls almost half Sweden's total votes and has governed the country either alone or in coalition since 1932. Despite the expected inroads the Conservatives made on the votes and seats of the bourgeois Farmers' Party (which lost six seats), the long tried established coalition of the Social Democrats and the Farmers' Party, which created and developed the modern Swedish welfare state, is sufficiently strong to form the government for the next four-year term of office.

In spite of its vigorous campaign, the Liberal Party once again failed to make its come-back, while the rather unexpected rise of the Communist vote to just over 5 per cent. of the electorate will necessitate much explaining by Mr. John Moores Cabot, the pugnacious, brick-dropping American ambassador. Washington has spent large sums on its information services to make neutralist Sweden friendly towards the U.S. and Nato. Part of the increase in the Communist total is probably made up of left-wing Socialists, disillusioned with the concessions the Social Democratic Party has been obliged to make its bourgeois partner in the coalition.

In Sunday's election, which used P.R. on a county constituency basis for a new 231-member Lower House of the *Riksdag*, the Social Democrats polled 45 per cent. of the total votes (46 per cent. in the previous general election in 1952) and received 108 seats (a loss of two seats). Their coalition allies received about 10 per cent. of the total, a drop of 1 per cent., and lost six seats, finishing up with 20. The Liberal Party again got about a quarter of the votes and 58 seats; while the Conservative Party with 16.5 per cent., 2 per cent. more of the total poll, gained a total of eight seats, bringing its representation up to 39. The Communist Party gained one seat, bringing its representation up to six, while its vote increased to 5 per cent. of the total votes cast. The Social Democratic Farmers' Party Coalition has been returned with a small but still workable majority and the Swedish welfare state will continue—but perhaps with even higher food prices.

NEXT WEEK

J. B. PRIESTLEY
Thoughts on Televiewing

JOHN STRACHEY
Indian Notebook

KINGSLEY MARTIN
Bertrand Russell

Paris

Labour in Disgrace

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last week's debate in the House of Commons aroused enormous interest in France. All the Paris papers—with one exception—reprinted Eden's and Gaitskell's speeches in full. The exception was *Le Populaire*, official organ of the French Socialist Party, which gave full coverage to Sir Anthony, but devoted only a few lines of small type to Gaitskell and relegated him to its back page (it only has two). Two days later, the paper—which must have received some puzzled letters—explained its partiality for the Tories. Under the signature of M. Lucien Peyrassol, a member of the executive and a close friend of M. Mollet, it published a full-scale attack on the Labour Party. Two men in particular were singled out for censure: Mr. Morgan Phillips and Mr. John Strachey. The former was attacked, in his capacity of President of the Socialist International, for making no effort to co-ordinate the attitudes of the various member parties of Comisco to the Suez crisis; while Mr. Strachey was censured for his speech at Dundee, in which he accused France of trying to drag Britain into a crusade against the Arab world to save its face in Algeria. What particularly angered M. Peyrassol was that Mr. Strachey's arguments had been promptly taken up by *Pravda* for use against the SFIO.

It is difficult to remember an occasion on which relations between the two Socialist parties have been so strained. Socialist leaders here accept the view of the Quai d'Orsay that Nasser would have capitulated to the Menzies committee had he not known that Labour opposition would prevent the British government from using force. They claim that Labour has not merely sabotaged Anglo-French Suez policy, but has made it impossible for France to carry out the new liberal policy in Algeria which was planned to follow immediately the overthrow of Nasser.

Westminster

The Stage Army of the Bad

How firm was Eden's pledge at the end of the Suez debate? What help will the United States actually give to ensure oil supplies for Western Europe? What future, if any, has the Canal Users' Association? In these uncertainties, one fact—and it is a surprising one—remains, that Sir Anthony Eden is still the Prime Minister.

Eden made his reputation as a supporter of the League of Nations. It was assumed that he had transferred his support to the United Nations. Yet, when the first test came, he decided, against the advice of some of his Cabinet colleagues, to ignore the United Nations and go it alone. This break with his past, though it gained him the support of the Suez group, at once lost him the liberal goodwill in which he has basked for so many years. Then, having committed himself to a tough line, within 24 hours he went back, grudgingly and with considerable qualification, to conformity with the Charter. If he had had the courage to stand on his old principles, he would have been able, as things turned out, to carry his party with him and might well have confirmed himself as a world statesman. But as things are, he now commands neither wing of his party; and, at least temporarily, has lost the respect of the outside world.

The public performance was bad; and the performance behind the scenes was no better. The Canal Users' Association idea was outlined by Mr. Dulles before the Suez debate began, but Eden had not understood the idea and knew nothing of the details. Yet he filled in Dulles' sketchy outline with his own details, put his own gloss on the whole and strode masterfully into the House of Commons. Two hours after he had committed his government, he was summoned from the Chamber to the transatlantic telephone and told that he had got the idea all wrong. He had to recant. One hardly knows which is worse —the recklessness with which the Prime Minister commits the country to something which he himself does not understand or the subservience with which he bows to what he thinks are the wishes of Mr. Dulles.

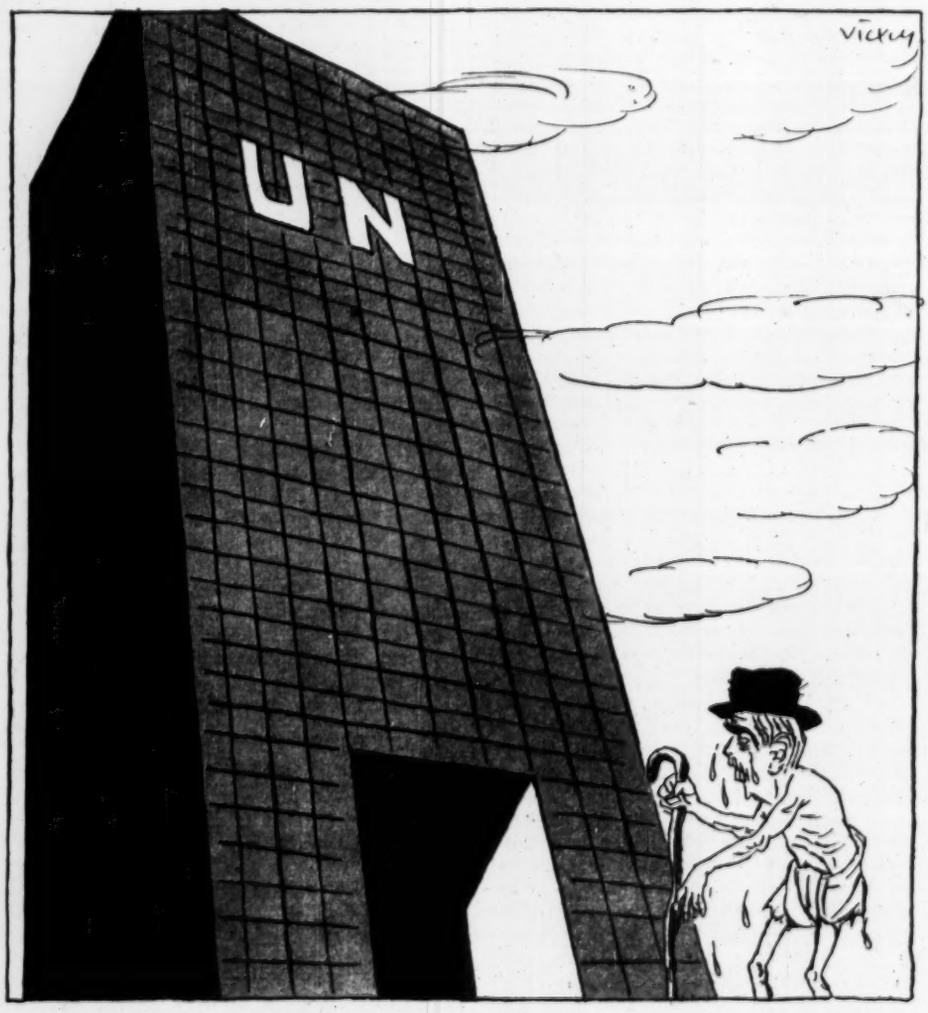
Yet he remains, and seems likely to remain, Prime Minister because, of the two possible successors at the moment, neither is acceptable to a majority of the party. Mr. R. A. Butler lost much of his prestige when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Since then private grief and personal illness had seemed to keep him in the shadows. But he still had the support of the new-look Tories, many of whom he had himself fostered; and when, during the Suez crisis, he emerged as the leading Cabinet opponent of a tough line, he became once again a considerable axis round which to gravitate. At the end of the first day's debate, when they had heard Gaitskell's speech and read Mr. Dulles' "won't shoot it out" piece on the tape, there was already a trickle of fresh supporters to Butler. Next day, after Sir Lionel Heald's quietly phrased but firm rejection of the Eden line, the trickle became a stream. But it was not a flood then; and it is not a flood yet. The relations between Butler and Mr. Harold Macmillan have seldom been cordial. When the struggle for the succession to Sir Winston was on, it was Macmillan who finally dished Butler by siding with Eden. Now during the Suez crisis the two have clashed again, for Macmillan was the flashing-eyed champion of force—"This is your finest hour, Selwyn." Moreover, he carried with him that non-commital lump, the voting backbone of any political party, which does not bother itself overmuch with rights and wrongs but follows the official line. This bloc feels badly let down. It blames Eden for weakness; and it blames Butler for treachery. At the present moment, therefore, though Butler has increased his influence, he does not command anything like a majority.

What of Macmillan? He probably does command a majority, but even the most violent Conservatives might hesitate for the time being to replace Eden with a man who is committed to a policy which has been repudiated by at least a third of his party, by at least half his country and and by nearly the whole of the world. Moreover, during recent weeks, Macmillan has been neglecting his homework. He has been too absorbed with Suez to give much time to Treasury papers. But during his absorption, financial and economic events have flowed past him; and it seems likely that as Chancellor he will shortly find himself in even worse trouble than Butler did and may even be forced to approve physical controls which, to a Tory Party Conference, is as bad as approving Nasser. Even those who most want Macmillan as Prime Minister want, first, to see how he gets on as Chancellor.

So for the time, Eden remains. The main body of his party has taken a harsh blow. He will remain its leader until it gets its breath back. But what then? There is bitterness, not only on the right wing. This bitterness could stiffen the party's policy as a whole, just as the original withdrawal from the Canal Zone stiffened its particular policy to Cyprus. It could lead to toughness at home and abroad, a reversion to type born out of resentful obstinacy. In such a mood, it could present Macmillan with the leadership, especially if he becomes as tough with the T.U.C. as he wanted to be with Nasser. There are already some signs that this may be the trend for, in the Cyprus debate which followed Suez, Lennox-Boyd was more stubborn than ever before. Yet there is a possibility that the substantial bloc of men who went to the support of Butler, Monckton, Heald and Elliot in the fateful 1922 Committee meeting during the Suez debate, may eventually leaven the whole and persuade their party that a country which can no longer be a great power militarily should cease to act like one. It is in keeping with tradition that Tories should brandish swords in the sparkling sun from their own cardboard ramparts and then, in the night, steal away to squat in positions prepared by others.

In the course of time, the Tory party will regain its breath while its present leader draws idle patterns in the dust of his reputation. But though the party will recover one way or another from its self-inflicted disasters, one begins to wonder if the country can. In the past we have sometimes been made to look evil and have recovered. We have sometimes been made to look silly and have recovered. But Eden has now managed to make us look both evil and silly at the same time. We shall need all our powers of composure to recover from that.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU



The Prodigal Son

The Forgotten Crisis

"THE Chancellor," said the Treasury spokesman on Monday, "has not considered the possibility of an emergency budget." No doubt he was speaking the truth. Mr. Macmillan has apparently been so fully occupied as the Suez group's Cabinet spokesman that until this week he has not felt free to turn his mind to commonplace Treasury problems. Now, with a brief to scan for his Washington visit and the commitment of Wednesday's speech at Bromley, he has had to return to economic realities.

On any objective test an autumn budget is even more necessary this year than it was a year ago. Mr. Macmillan's policy was in ruins even without Suez. The cut of £100 millions in government expenditure on which his budget strategy was based has become another of his pipe-dreams. This is not to say that an emergency budget is certain, or even probable. Mr. Macmillan is as shrewd as he is ambitious. He is well aware of the setback to Mr. Butler's career which was the result of the budget last autumn. But autumn budget or not, the government must now consider as a matter of urgency the economic crisis which has been overlaid by Suez.

Last February Mr. Macmillan, in his first speech as Chancellor, summarised his predecessor's achievements as having

> held back our exports, swollen our imports, forced us into balance of payments deficit, helped to reduce our reserves by a quarter, and driven up our domestic price level.

Frankness could do no further.

At this stage of the year, while we are still approaching the period of maximum seasonal strain on our dollar reserves, it is too early to essay a similar assessment of the economic consequences of Mr. Macmillan. But it is not too early to say this. For almost the first time since the war, and as a direct result of government policies, industrial production has fallen. In a year of rapidly increasing world trade, our exports have fallen behind those of our competitors. Despite stagnating production and patches of unemployment, the real reduction in our imports has been negligible. The latest trade figures are far from encouraging. Our gold position is grave. In August—partly because of Suez—we lost $129 millions of our gold and dollar reserves, wiping out nearly half of the gains we made so laboriously in the seasonally favourable months of the year. In September, the Chancellor has his Trinidad dollars, but how many of these will have been mortgaged in the Exchange Equalisation Account's struggle to maintain the dollar rate on New York and to staunch the leakage through the transferable sterling markets?

Suez, of course, has played a big part in sterling's *crise de confiance*. No one wants to hold sterling: commercial demands for dollars are being anticipated in case of trouble. Any substantial diversion of ships round the Cape will raise our import costs: government requisitioning of British shipping and chartering of foreign tonnage will hit our invisible earnings, whatever Mr. Dulles may do in the provision of dollar aid to pay for American oil.

Mr. Macmillan, at least in his capacity as Chancellor, cannot be held responsible for the financial effects of the Suez crisis. Where he bears responsibility is in the pre-Suez period. Sterling was desperately weak before July 26. Talk of devaluation was in the air. The main gambles on which his budget policy was based—the promised cut in government expenditure and the appeal for wage restraint—had already failed. For the second autumn in succession the possibility of devaluation of the pound is being taken into account in commercial and financial dealings. The temporary advantage we gained by the deep devaluation of 1949 has been thrown away: we are now no more than barely competitive in the markets of the world.

A further devaluation would be a disaster. The devaluation of 1949 was accepted as a once-for-all operation, a re-appraisal of the pound's post-war value more realistic than the one made in 1945. Devaluation now would not be so regarded.

My own opinion is that devaluation need not, indeed will not, occur this year—provided that there is no war in the Middle East. The danger is not 1956 but 1957. Mr. Macmillan has still time, if he has the will and the humility, to take the measures that are needed to avert it. But the tragedy is that in the few short months of his stewardship he has destroyed a priceless economic asset which this government inherited from its Labour predecessor. After 17 years, trade union partnership in the fulfilment of government economic strategy is dead. This is not, as government apologists try to make out, the work of one trade union leader. Mr. Cousins' speech and the unanimous vote of the T.U.C. Congress were no more than the funeral orations. Wage restraint, and, what is equally important, trade union co-operation in industrial re-deployment were killed, not at Brighton, but in Downing Street. It is not only Conservatives who fear the consequences of another twist to the wage-price spiral. Since April, Mr. Macmillan's main economic strategy has centred on his "plateau" of wages and prices, despite such aberrations as the removal of the bread subsidy and the government's plan to abolish rent control.

Brighton presents the Tories with a dilemma not unlike the one they face over Suez. On the one hand are those who call for a show-down with the unions: Mr. Cousins, like President Nasser, must not be allowed to get away with it. The views of this economic Suez group were recently expressed by the Deputy Chief Whip:

> The trade unions are too late because the position of employers has changed, as a result of deliberate government policies. The trade unions will find one thing—the atmosphere of negotiations when they come to employers will be very different from what it has been during the years since the war.

The result of this attitude, if the Deputy Chief Whip's speech indeed represents government policy, can only be industrial strife such as we have not seen since 1926.

On the other hand—and Mr. Macmillan's speech at Bromley suggested that this is not ruled out—we may get a further attempt at appeasement. Token controls such as the "powers" to control inessential building and import licensing, and a half-hearted attack on Dockeresque business expenses, even perhaps a capital gains tax, may be offered in the hope of securing assurances of wage restraint. But tokens will not be adequate.

Building licensing is needed because the present volume of inessential building is directly inflationary. The government has attempted to reduce capital investment by slashing the plannable public sector of the economy and relying on blind monetary measures to hold back the private sector. As we have told the Chancellor, the test should be not "Is it public or private?" but "How essential is it?" Controls over inessential building would clear the road for the increase in essential investment which is our first need if we are to survive as an industrial power.

Import licensing is, admittedly, more difficult, if only because of possible retaliation against our exports. The first task seems to be to limit the freedom of the speculative commodity markets, whose operations cost us unnecessary dollars, weaken Commonwealth trade links and provide back-door convertibility for "funk" capital.

An autumn budget, in other words, which would make a real attack on fiscal privilege, is needed—not as a sop to the T.U.C., but as an essential weapon in the economic armoury. Widespread tax avoidance, tax-free capital gains and the provision of large untaxed spending powers are not only inflationary and provocative in themselves: they render impossible the moral appeals and sacrifices by which alone our economic problems can be solved. "Tory freedom", which ran wild in the wasted years from 1952 to 1955, has failed. National priorities have yielded place to profitable frivolities. The energies of the nation have been diverted from the primary needs of export, capital investment and Commonwealth development to the production of gadgets and gimmicks, and to an over-expansion of such industries as advertising (largely paid for by the Treasury) and packaging for the home market.

Most serious of all, the government's cynical opportunism is creating in the nation a get-rich-quick mentality. Stock Exchange gains, windfall capital distributions, take-over bids, I.T.V. give-away programmes, lavish prizes in newspaper competitions, have produced an atmosphere detrimental to work, saving and sacrifice. The most powerful argument against Mr. Macmillan's Premium Bonds is that they lend state support to the concept of easy money.

More and more in this continuing economic crisis we hear the demand for a Crippsian appeal to the country to put sectional interest aside and to work for the nation. But ministers who seek to talk with the accents of a Cripps have yet to realise that the strength of his appeal lay not in his words but in the moral purpose and social justice which inspired his policies. Without these, an empty programme of appeals and exhortations will be in vain.

HAROLD WILSON

Even Liberalism

MR. HO CHEN SHIANG, head of the Bureau of Religious Affairs, plump, smiling and confident, waved his fan and nodded at me. "Yes," he said without hesitation, "the policy of the government is still the same as it was when Premier Chou En-lai spoke to the Protestant leaders in 1950. We Communists still regard Christianity as a superstition, and the teaching and preaching of superstitious beliefs to the people to be wrong and reactionary."

"Yet," I reminded him, "the constitution specifically grants freedom of religious belief."

"Yes. Not only that. The government also helps those churches and mosques and temples which need financial assistance. Now, for example, we are repairing the Cathedral of St. Ignatz, in Shanghai—one of the largest Catholic churches in China (it holds 3,000), which was damaged in the recent storm."

"But does this help not conflict with the Party's belief that the teaching of religion is wrong and reactionary? Do you permit religious colleges, or are you hoping that religion will just die out?"

Another big smile came over the wide face of Mr. Ho. He sat on the edge of his chair. He was enjoying this. "There are 28 Catholic seminaries in China, a Buddhist college in Peking—and a Moslem college; theological colleges—Protestants—in Nanking, Chungking, Peking and Shanghai.

All of them are supported by the government in some way or another; or if they are not we are willing to help them. Of course, all this does conflict with the government's basic belief that religion is superstition, and that superstitions are wrong, but—"

"Don't tell me you also put out propaganda against religion at the same time? Is there an anti-God League?"

Mr. Ho looked shocked. "Oh, no. Nothing like that." He paused and pointed his fan at me, then took a sip of tea. "You see, there are about three million Catholics in China, about 700,000 Protestants, and we frankly don't know how many Buddhists and Taoists, although we estimate there are about half a million Buddhist monks and nuns. All this adds up to a lot of religionists. We believe religion to be wrong, but millions of Chinese do not. They believe in religion for many different reasons, mostly economic—fear of insecurity, for instance. Our policy is to provide circumstances—a standard of living which is reasonable, a fair amount of scientific knowledge—which will make religion and other superstitions unnecessary. We cannot force people to change their views about religion. We are not going to try. We want them to see for themselves in due course that there is nothing in religion. Meanwhile, we cannot ignore the belief of millions of people. We must, as a government, help them. To do this, we are prepared to co-exist with religion."

"But you do much more than co-exist. You actually help the churches to propagate beliefs which you consider to be wrong and reactionary."

"True. But when we teach science and general knowledge in the schools—biology, for instance—we never lose an opportunity to expose religion as superstition. We don't preach anti-God; we just explain scientific and materialistic facts."

Mr. Ho sat back and loosened the clip of his jacket collar. He wore the usual faded blue uniform outfit preferred by officials.

"People," he continued, getting into his stride, "turn to religion in times of national calamities, oppression and personal troubles caused through economic and social factors. In future, after the abolition of the social classes, and when science and industry have progressed, the masses will no longer turn to religion; religion will then decay. But meanwhile we must realise that religion is the belief of millions of people; the government is the government of the people and must respect the beliefs of the people. Religious belief cannot be abolished by administrative order, or by physical compulsion; the people's attitude towards religion will change when their thinking is changed and this will happen when they have good material reasons for doing so."

I thought Mr. Ho could have explained government policy much quicker and more simply, had he admitted that the government were concentrating upon attacking religion in a quiet, deadly manner in the schools, while allowing the old folk to continue with their comfort; but I made no comment and instead asked: "How long do you think it will be before religion will decay and wither away in China?"

Mr. Ho permitted himself another expansive smile. "I am no prophet," he replied. He added that he thought it would be a very long time.

I asked him if he would explain the government's specific policy towards the Catholic church. Was it true that 2,000 Catholics were in prison? Had the Pope excommunicated all the Catholics in China? These were some of the rumours going about Hongkong.

"Rubbish," exclaimed Mr. Ho briskly, but using a softer and more polite Chinese word.

What had happened, he said, was that in 1951, Chou En-lai met the Chinese Catholic leaders and explained the state policy towards religion. This was that all religions, including the Catholic church, must (a) be willing to co-exist with the government and help to reconstruct China, (b) be completely administered by Chinese, and (c) receive no foreign aid or propaganda. The Catholics refused to accept this policy which the Protestants had accepted a year before.

Later, the Catholic bishop, Kong Ping Kee, of Shanghai, was arrested as a counter-revolutionary. An acting bishop was elected by the fathers. He was Chang Siu Lun. His name was submitted to the Pope, but the Pope refused to confirm him as bishop, claiming his right to appoint his own man. Unfortunately this priest was also under arrest. So the fathers once more put forward the name of Chang Siu Lun. There the matter rests.

Mr. Ho claimed that this proved that the Chinese government did not object to Chinese Catholics having religious contacts with Rome. What was prohibited were economic and political relations.

I asked if foreign missionaries were banned. No, answered Mr. Ho, they were not. He agreed this was a change in policy, and he further agreed that, so far, no foreign missionaries had come to China since Liberation. "None of the churches has asked for missionaries," he smiled blandly, and added: "We sometimes have visitors from churches abroad. The Dean of Canterbury, for instance."

There are still a few foreign missionaries in China. Less than ten of them are in jail. Mr. Ho reckoned that there are still 40,000 Buddhist temples, 10,000 Taoist temples, 40,000 mosques, 9,000 Protestant churches and 15,000 Catholic churches. He could not give me the exact figure, but he was sure that many thousands of *yuan* had been spent by the government in repairing and restoring holy places. That was the job of the Bureau of Religious Affairs; that, and their responsibility to keep close contact with religious circles and to see that the government's policy towards religion was carried out. Later an official of another department told me the government had, in fact, spent a million *yuan* (£140,000) on renovating the famous Lhama Temple and 200,000 *yuan* (£28,000) on doing up Peking's famous old (in parts 960 years) mosque which is still used regularly by about 100 of Peking's 80,000 Moslems.

Thus does the Communist Party of China, having ruthlessly stamped on opium-smoking, corruption, cheating, prostitution, black-marketing and unpunctuality, as well as counter-revolutionaries, carefully handle the question of religion—once having made sure it is no longer an effective challenge to Communism.

Just as delicately does the Party handle capitalism. "In China and in the present circumstances," says Mao Tse-tung, explaining Chinese divergence from previous Marxist practices. Not only have the Communists of China in consequence written freedom of religious belief into the constitution, but they have also written in the right of citizens to own, sell and bequeath land and to rent out property, in addition to protecting the right of capitalists to own means of production and other capital. Today, the People's Daily (as well as carrying an indignant letter signed by 29 readers complaining about the poor quality of Chinese made rubber contraceptives) reports that 3,300,000 *yuan* (£480,000) has just been paid out in dividends to private shareholders of joint state-private enterprises in Tientsin during the first half of this year.

Once it is clearly understood that Mao empirically adjusts Marxist-Leninism to China's current requirements ("doctrinairism" and "routinism" are crimes in the Chinese Communist Party), then all these apparent contradictions in a Communist state (such as financing religion from public funds, sharing profits with capitalists, etc.) easily slip into the Chinese puzzle.

Even so, the decision of Peking University to teach Hegel and Russell (a course on Keynes' economic theories might also be arranged), "to enable the student better to understand idealism, so that he may better master Marxist-Leninism in contrast," is a bold step which reflects the measure of the Party's confident hold on the intellectuals. Chou En-lai confirmed this at the beginning of the year when he declared that events proved daily to Chinese intellectuals that unless they ranged themselves on the side of the working class and the Communist Party there was no other way open to them.

What would not surprise me now, having seen in China during the past months the beneficial reaction generally of the "new era of liberalism" created for, in the first place, the intellectuals (encouraged by more pay, better houses, no more compulsory political lectures, freedom to disagree with previous party-label theories), would be the adoption at the Eighth National Party Congress (which opened last week-end) of a policy of even greater relaxation.

But it would be wrong to infer from Mao's deviation from Marxist-Leninism as preached by the Soviet Union, that China is drawing away from the Kremlin. And I have found no evidence to disprove the long term objective of the Communist Party, which is to make China a completely Communist state, eventually. As Chairman Mao Tse-tung has so often said: "This is but a transitory stage." And the means—even liberalism—will in the end be justified.

Peking. ALEX JOSEY

London Diary

AN odd political novelty. The Leader of the Opposition writes to *The Times* to ask the Prime Minister to explain himself and receives two replies, one in an editorial and the other in a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The truth was, of course, that Eden had to hedge in the debate because, wanting above everything to be able to announce American support, he pledged himself to a Dulles proposal which sounded to everyone at the time like a renewal of force, but which was actually a dummy pass. Everyone sees now that a boycott of the Suez is likely to end up with the Users returning to the Canal to find it run by Egyptians with Soviet instead of British and French pilots. A very bad result but better than war. But what will happen inside the Conservative Party? Some, as Lionel Heald, speaking for the Butler-Monckton part of the Cabinet, showed, are reconciling themselves to the fact that Britain no longer rules the world and must cut its coat to the measure of its cloth. The romantic imperialist group will find this adjustment difficult; some of them are already arguing that the real moral is that we should be so strongly armed in Cyprus that next time we can swoop down on any naughty Arabs without arguing the toss with anyone. Most of the party, as a Conservative M.P. put it to me, are now "almost frighteningly anti-American." Mr. Dulles scuppered the war and then sold them a pup. He has himself arrived to undo as much of the mischief as he can; it is noticeable that on Tuesday night his guests were not the Prime Minister and Mr. Butler but Lord Salisbury and Mr. Macmillan, who have led the war group. I expect he gave them a good talking-to. Tuesday's *Daily Mail* had a significant leading article en-

titled "Just think, Mr. Dulles", the gist of which, very thinly disguised, was that if America was not to be relied upon to support British imperialism, Britain might have to go neutralist. And how would Mr. Dulles like that? I have known for a long time that the real anti-Americans in this country are not, as American publicists love to say, the British Left, but Tory businessmen and politicians, who find American economic competition disturbing and American political policy exasperating. Part of the British Left might even be ready to forgive Mr. Dulles for the muddle he has made because he was so largely responsible for keeping us out of an absurd war. It would happily erect a statue to him in Trafalgar Square. The Tories would obliterate it with red paint.

* * *

After long years in lush but politically unrewarding meadows, Bob Boothby staged his comeback before the pearly gates of office. By special request of the Prime Minister, he wound up the first day's debate on Suez. His rollicking speech was exactly what the Tories needed. It contained verbal safeguards, of course, but sounded splendidly bellicose. With all the prestige of a man who was a stalwart supporter for Churchill in the anti-appeasement cause, he exuded on the House his relief that under Eden we had "finished with all that." The Tories rose to him and it seemed that at last, after thirty-two years in Parliament, the red carpet was really down for him. But within twenty-four hours, because Eden repudiated the policy he had asked Boothby to advocate, the carpet had turned into a banana skin.

* * *

The Russians have done their best to outdo the Americans in their red-carpet welcome to President Sukarno. One of the advantages of being the head of a non-committed state is that politically at least everyone loves you—at least as long as you remain uncommitted. I have in front of me a printed volume, bound in grey and purple, made up of press cuttings about the Indonesian President's visit to the States last June. A film star might envy them. Here he is, the highly photogenic President, shaking hands with V.I.P.s, addressing Congress, saying his prayers, kissing babies, riding a dodgem car, placing wreaths on the graves of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, and so forth. A volume of his Russian visit is presumably also on the way. He knew just what to say to Russian audiences. "Just call me Tovarich Sukarno", he told 4,000 workers at the turbine factory in Leningrad. We are told that in Tashkent a bare-foot, seven-year-old boy, wearing only a pair of pants, earned a free ride by running alongside the President's car. In Uzbekistan a collective farm gave him a handsome grey horse. In Baku he played the drum. Back to Moscow, with the political circus ended, a joint statement was issued heralding closer co-operation, and a few days later an agreement was signed in Djarkata announcing a Soviet credit to the value of 100 million dollars to Indonesia, with plans for an exchange of missions and economic co-operation. This closer alignment with the Soviet Union was severely criticised in several Indonesian papers, and so was the President. There has been much talk about corruption in high official quarters. But the President need not fear a bad press when he gets home. On Sunday the Chief of Staff, on behalf of the Indonesian Security Council, placed a ban on the publication of all writings, pictures and pamphlets containing criticisms, insinuations or insults involving the President, the Vice-President, the government and all public bodies. My guess is that the army is now the real ruler in Indonesia.

The announcement of an exchange of Oxford and Russian students next year is an important breach in the iron curtain. But not enough attention, in my view, has been paid to the visit of four representatives of the Chinese People's Institute of Foreign Affairs who have come to Britain as the guest of our United Nations Association. They are Professor Chou Keng-sheng (of Edinburgh University) who was with the Chinese delegation at San Francisco when the U.N. was formed; Wu Mao-sun (of Columbia University, New York) who is secretary-general of the Chinese People's Institute; Wen Chien-ping, who was a regimental political commissar during the anti-Japanese war; and Liu Chueh-chou who, as I discovered on my last year's visit to China, speaks perfect English. Surprisingly, he is a student of Cockney although this is his first visit to London and his language was learned entirely in China. They have been visiting schools, have been the guest of the L.C.C., of the Foreign Office, of the Labour Party and the Conservative Party, they have studied our Co-ops in Manchester, toured our industries, and are visiting Cambridge and Harlow New Town. They tell me that the journey from Peking to Moscow, which took them two days on the westward journey, will take them only eight hours on the homeward journey because the Russians have, in the meantime, introduced a jet-airliner service.

* * *

As readers of the *N. S. & N.* will be aware, Tom Driberg has recently come back from Russia. Last week his radio feature in this journal contained his comments on television in Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union. Ingenious fellow that he is, he also secured two world scoops—a very difficult thing to do nowadays. Mr. Krushchev gave him a long exclusive interview, which *Reynolds News* has just published in two instalments, and, succeeding where many had failed, he made contact with Guy Burgess in Moscow and got his whole story with some excellent photographs. This, he tells me, will make a 40,000-word book—not so much a mere thriller of the Burgess and Maclean case as a study of Burgess's life against the political background of the last 20 years, from Spain and Munich up to Korea. Incidentally, it finally clears up the much canvassed mystery of the actual escape route taken by Burgess and Maclean. Three-quarters of the book was written while Driberg was in Moscow where, he tells me, he maintained himself on roubles earned by broadcasting and writing for the Soviet press. There has been a scrambling competition amongst the big boys of Fleet Street for the serial rights, but I see that the *Daily Mail* has won the race. They are paying him a whopping sum. The comment of a journalist friend of Driberg is that he must now start after Maclean.

* * *

Team mates used to complain that while Stanley Matthews was dazzling the crowd as he weaved his way down the wing to the corner flag, the defence had time to pack the goal and so prevent a score. This, the only criticism I have ever heard of Matthews, has been silenced in recent years and especially after the 1953 Cup Final, when Blackpool, two goals down with only twenty-three minutes left for play, won the match mainly because of the openings which Matthews created. No one now questions his greatness as a team player as well as an individual footballer; and no one has ever questioned his modesty. I have been told that at half time, in one international trial, when Matthews was reaching the height of his fame, other lesser known players scrambled for the services of the trainer. When they had all been attended to and half time was nearly over, a quiet voice said: "Will you have a look at my ankle? I've had a tap on it." The voice was Matthews's. He is a gentle man. He would make a gentle knight. No doubt the authorities intend to honour him when his playing days are over. Most people, I think, would like to see him honoured now, as Gordon Richards was, before he retires.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

In view of the appalling harvest I should like to suggest that the normal Harvest Festival services are either suspended altogether or modified in some way to register our disappointment.—Letter in *Leicester Mercury*. (P. M. Iliffe.)

During the war my wife had a baby boy. It was at a time when Stalin was giving Hitler the boot, and we called him Albert Stalin. He wants to drop the Stalin completely. Can he have it erased from his birth certificate?—Letter in *Daily Herald*. (P. W. B. Holmes.)

A Jumbo-sized *Express* is on the way, with jumbo-sized ideas to match.—*Daily Express*. (T. O'Sullivan.)

During this century Britain's aggressors have shared one sinister similarity: they have all spelled their names with six letters and all have the same second syllable. Thus: KRUG-ER, KAIS-ER, HITL-ER, and NASS-ER.

Maybe we should have spotted this before we let the last one get so far.—Letter in the *Daily Mail*. (B. L. W. Polley.)

Apologia of a Science Writer

WHEN the atom bombs fell on Japan, 11 years ago, I resigned from the Foreign Office. I should like to pretend that it was on the moral issues involved, but it was not. The enormity of the crime was not as obvious to me then as it became later. No, the atom bomb resolved for me a personal dilemma: whether, with my wartime experience in international politics I should continue in the Foreign Service, or whether I should "demob" myself and go back to writing about science. With the release, and menace, of atomic energy, science had become international politics.

Clearly, there was little one could hope to do inside the Foreign Office, where the "game" would be played according to the conventions of treaty and expediency, with the Establishment regarding science as a brash intruder and not as the new dynamic in international affairs. But I believed that an informed public could, and would, influence the new politics and diplomacy about to be dominated by science; and I hoped to be the interpreter between the scientists and the ordinary readers, whose livelihoods and lives depended on the social judgments applied to science.

Those who regard science writing merely as imaginative escapades to the planets or a popular explanation of the latest gadget or medical discovery (and I am all for those as well) may think this high-falutin'. Nevertheless, that was what took me back to Fleet Street and prompted some of us to set up the Association of British Science Writers. Before the war there had been some (not many) extremely able expositors of science, mainly academics. There were the "high priests of the cosmos," Jeans and Eddington; there were Hogben, Huxley, Haldane, Richard Gregory, J. Arthur Thomson, Andrade, Sullivan, C. P.

Snow and Bernal; and there was that inspiration to all of us, H. G. Wells. But there was only a handful of science reporters, finding out, as well as explaining, what was happening. There was J. G. Crowther on the *Manchester Guardian,* Arthur Haslett, now of *The Times,* Langdon Davies and myself on the *Daily Herald.* Today, every national daily has its staff science writer, apart from science contributors.

There are, however, two sides to science writing—"popularisation" and "social implications"—and they are not the same. The first is the important job of explaining, in accurate but non-technical terms, the latest developments. It is not easy to be both interesting and accurate when the journalist as much as the scientist is at the mercy of headlines and when he, naturally, wants his "by-line" on the front page. But a responsible and competent reporter (even without a scientific training) can fulfil that function if he knows the right expert to whom he must turn and the right questions to ask. 25 years ago, with the training of a crime-reporter, I came to terms with the scientists: the facts were inalienably theirs but the presentation of the facts was mine.

The other side of science writing is even less easy—conveying to people what this flood of new discoveries can do to them, to the society in which they live and to the civilisation in which they hope to survive. The scientists themselves rarely see the social significance of their individual work or, if they do, are inhibited by their specialised training from pursuing it. The atomic scientists, on both sides of the Atlantic, in a crisis of conscience, have done a great deal but, for opinion-forming, they, too, need the wider audience of the mass-media. The science-writer, covering every field from radio-astronomy to D.D.T., has an awareness of social implications, especially when he comes from a wider background than science itself. 22 years ago, when Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins wrote an introduction to my first book, he said that my value to the scientist was that I brought a journalist's experience of the outside world of "unemployment, slums and social confusion."

The science-writer by the breadth of his inquiries has the privilege of prevision. He can see the future being born on the laboratory benches. With foresight, as well as insight, he can anticipate the changes which will presently afflict the economist and the politician. For example, Lancelot Hogben and I, 20 years ago, tried to impress on the trade union movement the need for having a scientific advisory committee. We thought we had accomplished the object when the T.U.C., during Ernest Bevin's chairmanship, agreed to a joint committee with the British Association which mustered a group of famous scientists more impressive than the council of the Royal Society. Their eminence was less important than their outlook and the range of diversified science which they represented. Before any advantage had been taken of the prevision which they combined, the war supervened. But, if that committee had been allowed to function, the trade union movement would have been able to anticipate, organisationally as well as psychologically, the effects of "automation" as well as many other novelties which have now overtaken them.

The science-writer represents, in his synoptic view of science, something which does not exist in administration, in political thinking, in the universities (with their dichotomy between the humanities and the sciences) or in the schools. Our educational system is not equipping "new minds for the new world," and perhaps one is expecting too much in thinking that the mass-media can succeed where the schools have failed. But they can try. In the course of a year, I address tens of thousands of teenagers—the upper forms of grammar, and the secondary modern, schools—and I know how badly they are being "let down." They are the best audiences in the world. They are critical, without being cynical; and they want to work for something more than selfish objectives—if someone can tell them how and set them on the right road. Rock and roll is a comment on us and not on them—the protest of a bored and frustrated generation, an atavistic rejection of emotionally bankrupt materialism. Science has given them a gadget-ridden world, dominated by the H-bomb, and they prefer, instead, the drum-beat of the jungle. Yet there is so much that is worthwhile and purposeful, for adventurous minds, in terms of this earth. And young people are susceptible until they become cynical.

Of that proposition I have ample evidence in the response to my journeys in the desert, the jungle and the Arctic, where science and technology could be related to human beings and human values. If we were producing, as the Russians are, "technical Jesuits" with a missionary zeal, there would be no lack of novitiates. Instead, we are offering careers without vocation and pay-packets without a purpose. To others we offer the uncertainty of a future which, they know, science is going to change, but they do not know how. Nor do their elders. They fear science because they fear the unknown.

This is a challenge. The scientists, as the decision of the Council of the British Association this year showed, intend to do their part in reaching out and informing the wider public. But they are justified in their retort that the instruments of public information have not shown a similar sense of responsibility. Popular newspapers may have science-writers to explain the rational facts of science: they also have—to offset them—the astrologers of medieval superstition as a daily feature. They, quite rightly, devote pages daily to sport, using a jargon as weird to the uninitiated as the jargon of science. By definition, they exist to provide news, but the bulk of every popular newspaper is entertainment. Instruction is becoming less and less their function. Always, the plea is "that's what the customers want"—the excuse of the huckster who creates the demand and then says it was always there. As a blue-nose who sailed before the mast of journalism, I do not believe it.

RITCHIE CALDER

Socialism and the Czech Economy

[We are glad to print this communication from Pavel Eisler, a distinguished Czech economist formerly on the staff of the Economic Commission for Europe who is now working at the School of Economics in Prague.]

RECENT discussions about the Soviet Union and the Peoples' Democracies have understandably concentrated upon political events. Yet their economic experience is also important. This is particularly true of Czechoslovakia, for this is the first country which has transformed its system of property relations after reaching a high level of economic development. For this reason, it should help us to make a distinction between those features of a Socialist economy which are essential in its early stages anywhere, and those which are imposed by the special conditions of construction in an under-developed country.

During the last ten years, and particularly since 1949, Czechoslovakia has conformed to what may be considered the classic pattern of economic growth in a Socialist society. There has been a striking expansion of industrial capacity and output, and a far-reaching changeover to large-scale agricultural production. By 1948, for instance, Czechoslovakia had regained the 1937 level of industrial production, and in the subsequent seven years production has risen to 43 per cent. above 1937: by 1955, moreover, state farms and co-operatives cultivated 42.5 per cent. of the agricultural land.

To carry out this policy it has been necessary to set a far larger part of the national income aside for capital investment than is normally the case in capitalist economies. And this, in turn, imposes strict limits on the growth of personal incomes and consumption—at least in the short run. It is here that Czechoslovakia's economic development has deviated significantly from that of her neighbours. For, in our case, "the short run" has meant a period that coincided roughly with the first five-year plan, from 1949 to 1953, while in the other countries it means a period that has already lasted two years longer and is likely to extend some years into the future.

Yet this does not mean that there is a difference of economic policy. All the Peoples' Democracies have gone through two distinct phases during the last seven years. After a period of intensive growth, there followed two years in which the pace was eased and the progress consolidated. For Czechoslovakia this was sufficient to produce a striking increase in personal income and living standards, because the economy was already well developed. In the less developed Peoples' Democracies it was not enough to offset their heritage of scarcity. Our experience, therefore, suggests that, once an economy has reached a certain level, it is possible for a Socialist society to provide simultaneously for rapid economic expansion and an appreciable rise in living standards.

This conclusion is accepted in the current five-year plan, which provides for a capital investment of 150 billion crowns—two-thirds above the previous five years—and also envisages an increase of personal consumption by at least one-third. Already Czech living standards are approaching those of the western European countries; and by 1960 Czechoslovakia will be producing as much steel as France in 1939, electricity output will exceed that of Great Britain in 1938, and tractor production at a rate of 28,000 a year will equal French tractor output in 1953. These will be no mean achievements for a country with a population of 14 millions.

Where industry has reached a high level, it is also easier to solve the problems of Socialist agricultural policy. For the main difficulty arises from the attempt to accumulate capital under conditions where labour productivity is low. To carry through collectivisation successfully, for instance, there must be mechanisation and a general improvement of farming techniques, fertilisers, seeds, power supply and so forth. In short, substantial investment is needed, and once again this imposes at least temporary limits on consumption. In an under-developed economy, moreover, this problem has often been exaggerated by the unfavourable "terms of trade" between town and country, which undervalue agricultural products in terms of industrial goods. Where there is already an industrial economy, as in Czechoslovakia, the price relations tend to move the other way, and to favour the farmers. During the last three years, while agricultural

the things they say!

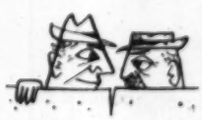
Huge place, isn't it?

Darn sight too huge, if you ask me. These new I.C.I. places cost millions and millions — and what's it all for?

Why, surely to make new chemicals for Britain's expanding industries . . . ?

Not a bit of it — profits for a few top hats in the City, that's all it's for, mark my words. It isn't right that a few men should control such wealth and power, and if I were running this country . . .

Oh, come. You talk as though I.C.I. were controlled by a few financiers answerable to no one but themselves.



Well, isn't it?

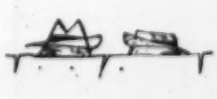
Of course not. Nor is any big public company today.

Go on! I.C.I. is run by a handful of directors, and don't you say it isn't.

Certainly the big policy decisions in I.C.I. are made by the Directors. But nearly all of them are men who've come up through the organization, and none holds his position on the strength of a big block of shares or anything like that. Anyway, control of I.C.I. ultimately lies in the hands of the I.C.I. stockholders.

And who are they, eh?

A fair cross-section of the community — from foremen plasterers to district nurses, from shop assistants to judges. All told, no fewer than a quarter of a million people. The number is going up all the time, too, for under I.C.I.'s Profit-Sharing Scheme over 80,000 of its employees are also being given shares in the business.



Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

prices rose by 42 per cent., there were annual price cuts for industrial products. Clothing prices in April, 1956, for example, were down by at least a third on the prices of June, 1953.

The character of foreign trade is also affected. Today, this is less important to the Czech economy than in 1937 (10 per cent. of industrial production as against 23 per cent.), but it plays a larger part in the Czech economy than in any other country in eastern Europe apart from the German Democratic Republic (East Germany). It is not the volume, however, but the structure of foreign trade that matters. In 1937, machinery and equipment were 4.5 per cent. of Czech exports, while they now represent 43.5 per cent. Consumer goods, on the contrary, have fallen from more than half the total exports in 1937 to about 11 per cent. last year. This means that Czechoslovakia is now exporting products which are in great demand, in the other Peoples' Democracies, in the U.S.S.R. and in capitalist countries. Since foodstuffs and raw materials are our main imports, there is a general tendency towards favourable terms of trade—a tendency partially offset at times by trade discrimination against Czechoslovakia for political reasons.

So far, I have given a broad summary of some of the advantages enjoyed by a country which sets out to build Socialism in a relatively developed economy. But I do not suggest that the mere fact of relative economic maturity makes Socialist construction in a country such as Czechoslovakia a smooth and easy process that has encountered no difficulties. And, among the difficulties, there is no doubt that there is one problem that is actually aggravated by the conditions of a developed economy: bureaucracy and over-centralisation.

To my mind, there are two distinct aspects of this problem. The first seems to spring from the attempt to achieve a rapid and balanced expansion of the economy under conditions of absolute or even comparative scarcity. If the economic incentives are to function properly, the society must have substantial economic reserves on which it can draw. If such reserves are not available, or are strictly limited, administrative rule—that is, an attempt to supervise every aspect of production and trade—inevitably takes the place of the more flexible incentives within a generally planned economy. This, as British readers will know, is something which is not confined to Socialist economies. It follows then that the institutional difficulties flow from the centralised planning system which accompanies the socialisation of industry, trade and agriculture. This is a problem that has to be solved in the years ahead. Some steps have already been taken in the right direction, and the greater our economic expansion, the easier it will be to find a successful solution.

It is quite clear that there is a close connection between bureaucratic rule, the excessive reliance on "administrative" economic measures, and the violations of democratic principle which have taken place in the political system. These violations have been admitted. And this admission reflects a determination to prevent a repetition of such events in the future. This will undoubtedly help to eliminate bureaucratic defects in the economy, and, conversely, the expansion of the Socialist economy will bring powerful pressures to bear to ensure the continuing democratisation of our Socialist society.

Prague. PAVEL EISLER

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London Rock

FOR more than a week *The Times* had been devoting sneer space to reports of rowdyism; and the effects on teenagers both sides of the Atlantic had been solemnly analysed in two lengthy reports. But when, last Saturday morning, the Establishment cleared its throat in a leading article, I shuddered at my own respectability. My Teddy-bone was twitching. I considered with disgust that nowadays when I am asked about some person I particularly detest I automatically murmur, "He's a nice man." When I was six years old I had already hurled my first soda-water bottle and broken my first windowpane. At eight I was Tiger-dancing with my girl friend beating an *ek-do, ek-do* (one-two), tom-tom. At 12, chewing *pan* (green gum). At 14, wearing a *jibba* (knee-length shirt), a khadi silk waistcoat and *churidhars* (drainpipe pyjamas). At 20, swaying from temple to toes, shouting *wah-wah* (getting hepped) and beating time against my thigh at an all-night music session. At 29, in London—the quality of my hooliganism is suspect.

Truthfully, therefore, it was not curiosity that made me go to see *Rock Around The Clock* at Elephant and Castle. It was simply a natural leaning towards bad citizenship. It was not the need to adopt an intellectual stance, as many have done, towards the film. I wanted to participate, from the *inside*. I wanted to rock 'n' roll, get into a groove, get out of my square-dom, come to terms with the *tamasha*-mongering Indian in me.

Daphne dressed me in a long dark coat and dove-grey waistcoat I had borrowed. She put a couple of quick side-stitches in the turnups of my trousers. A cigarette stub behind my ear, a Vaseline curl over my forehead and an imitation nylon shirt made up for the lack of insolence of my tie. Oh yes, and two packets of chewing gum. At the Elephant I saw the ticket collector nudge her mate. That one gesture from a minor minion of authority was enough to "send" me. Pure impulse took over. I walked back to the woman and asked cheekily, "Where's the Gaumont?" "It's the Trocadero you want, chum," she said, "turn left, cross the street and it's on the left."

There was no need to have asked. For there it was, in self-announced neon-red, proclaiming pandemonium. It was about five-thirty. I crossed the road and walked up and down the opposite pavement outside another cinema. I could see two men at the entrance of the Trocadero letting in a regular stream of suburban picturegoers. A man in a corduroy jacket passed me, carrying three library books, and leaning heavily on a girl in a tweed suit. I heard her say, "But there's no queue, we could have had tea at Kensington." I resented them. *Outsiders,* I hissed to myself, cracking my knuckles.

A girl in a pink jumper and flat pink shoes crossed the road. I followed. A group of three boys walk up to the theatre, their legs seem longer than mine, they come up to my shoulder but their long coats make them look taller. They are refused admission. They turn away, silent, open-mouthed, huddled together like a three-headed stork on one communal leg.

I move closer to them "What did they say?" I ask. "Nothing," says the tallest, not even looking at me, but past me, at the manager, "just won't let us in, and we've been twice before." He turns to the others, says, "Let's go." They walk away heads down. I am by their side. The tall boy blinks, looks at me and says, "Aw, but you're all right, he'll let you in." I say I'm not so sure. "Aw, anyone can see you're okay. You just go in."

That, of course, was the final verdict. *They* had refused me admission. By this time more people were going in. Two youths had been turned out after being let in. Their money had not been refunded. An old lady who walked out of the hall at the same time, put her shopping bag on the floor and said, "What a shame, ain't it a shame. Such a nice film, too."

The manager smiled at me as I walked in. "See you've been hanging about a long time: Newspaperman?" he asked. I spat my chewing gum out, offered him a cigarette. Ten girls came in a group. He stopped them, said a few words, and then came back explaining, "From a Hampstead girls' college." Why had he stopped them? For my information. How did he know whom not to let in? "I've worked in this district for years, and at the Trocadero, Stepney, I can spot them all, the trouble-makers."

I went in. In the film fingers clicked, like lizards waving tiny flags. Feet kicked, a kind of centipede-dance, struggling to express pain at musical claustrophobia. Bill Haley and his Comets took off their jackets while they played, the base lay on the floor on his back and the saxophonist straddled him, the guitarist strummed his instrument with his hands behind him, the pianist jumped up, one hand making castanet noises the other thumping the piano, a couple of girls behind me sung softly, three boys in my row clapped their hands once and croaked one word, ROCK, sporadically, I kept time with my crepe soles on the carpet, the hero got married, and *Rock Around the Clock* closed with the words, "The Living End."

I heard, "Not long by half was it?" and "Come on, let's get outta this prison."

From about eight to eleven o'clock, I just hung around, walked the side alleys, saw the crowds gathering, and had a snack at a roadside café. A

man with a face like Father Huddleston's gave me a hot-dog, a cup of tea, and placed a tin of salt and a magnum bottle of sauce near me on the counter. He said he was an actor. I asked him whether there had been much trouble, who were the ring-leaders?" "I can't say," he said, "we're protected, y'know."

One man in a gaberdine overcoat, rolling his own cigarettes said, "I don't know why they show it. There's trouble every night. All these people and all these policemen working overtime. We pay rates in the borough, you know." A woman in a green frock, with no bottom teeth, was saying, "They took my boy away a couple of nights ago, they did. Just picked him up and kept him in the police-station till three in the morning. Didn't phone me, either. Said he was waving his hands and shouting. I'm waiting to see the policeman who got him, I'll punch him in the nose".

A group of B.B.C.-voiced West Enders were watching the fun, as, at 11 o'clock, 40 policemen, six mounted police, four fire engines and four flying squad cars set about creating a disturbance. Two photographers took flash pictures. The crowd cleared. One boy was carried away, struggling. One of the West Enders said, "Hey, Tim, why don't you get up and a make a Conservative speech?" Another wanted to know, "If we were really waiting for a bus, if the fire engine squirted in our direction and if we got well soaked, could we sue them, Alan—you're the legal bloke?"

Perhaps if authority in England treated adolescent cults a little less seriously, adults might not be so cult-ridden. Perhaps you've got to be born east of Suez. Perhaps Teddy-boys *should* read *The Times*. All I know is I have had enough of London Rock.

V. ANANT

Fleet Street Notebook

BELIEVE me any historian of the future who sets himself the task of trying to discover from a careful study of the British press of September, 1956, what actually happened at the great Suez debate, has my sympathy. The first day of the debate, of course, is comparatively easy—at any rate so far as the Conservative press is concerned. "The Prime Minister achieves a Parliamentary triumph," proclaimed the *Express*. "Step by step events are turning out as the Prime Minister forecast," said the *Mail*: "Eden is master of the situation. . . . His speech was one of the greatest of his career." "No Second Munich," boomed the *Telegraph*, pausing in its eulogies of Sir Anthony only for a swipe at Mr. Gaitskell. "His policy," it pronounced, "combines the unpractical diversion of all ships round the Cape with the chimerical belief that anything can be got quickly, or at all, out of the United Nations". As for the *Sketch* it could scarcely contain itself. "Eden gets rough," it screamed in the blackest of black types, "tells Nasser: Ike's with us and we're taking over *OUR* canal. The next step armed convoys. Let the crybabies howl. It's GREAT Britain again". *The Times*, it is true, its early scamper round the windmill almost forgotten, looked down its nose a little. "The government was widely expected yesterday," it said, "to say that it was asking for a debate in the Security Council. . . . In the result the Prime Minister disappointed many." As for those well-known peace-mongers, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Mirror*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Herald*, it was only to be expected that they would do their best to take the edge off everyone's pleasure. "The Prime Minister's course can only lead to disaster," said the *Guardian*.

By the next day how different was the scene. The really faithful, it is true, still did their bit to persuade their readers that Eden's final capitulation to Gaitskell's pressure was another of those well-known diplomatic triumphs, but it was clear the pace was getting hot and not all could hold it. Still stalwart, the *Daily Telegraph* Parliamentary Correspondent shaded his eyes and wrote "Premier's New Triumph. In an atmosphere of heightened tension the Prime Minister and Mr. Gaitskell refought their duel of yesterday. But harder and better, and Sir Anthony won another clear victory." The *Express*, whose reporting of the debate, as distinct from its leader comment, had been throughout commendably fair and objective, had a different story. "His (Eden's) words," it reported sombrely, "caused an extraordinary impression in the Chamber. There was little response from the Tory side. The government supporters sat almost silent as if shocked by surprise." The *Sketch*, having jubilantly promised its readers armed convoys the day before, now cried forth in yet bolder type the news "It's Off The Boil." "Eden," it told its readers, "the man the Left Wing have branded as a 'war monger' took the pot off the gas last night in the House of Commons." *The Times*, observing the scene somewhat differently from the *Express*, reported: "The Prime Minister's pledge gave satisfaction to his own supporters as well as to the Opposition and Liberal members." But its leader writer was less sure. Eden's statement, he found, was "not soon enough or clear enough to sway the issue". The *News Chronicle*, like the *Guardian* and the *Herald*, had no reservations. It headed its leader starkly and simply

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"The Tragedy of Eden," and said: "The House of Commons witnessed a personal tragedy last night as the prospect of a national disaster diminished. . . . . The leader of the country failed utterly to rise to the occasion."

By Sunday, it was clear that Sir Anthony's press advisers had been doing some hard thinking. It was perhaps unfortunate that they had not all been thinking on the same lines. The *Observer* carried one of those stories by "A Political Correspondent" (not "Our") which one can't help suspecting have been preceded by a bout of "inside" information in the press office at No. 10. It explained, with some cautious reservations by the political correspondent himself, that Sir Anthony had all along intended to go to the U.N., but could not say so because he had to get the Americans lined up for economic aid first. It was in fact all a brilliant diplomatic manœuvre by Eden. The *Sunday Times*, even more inspired, had, however, a somewhat different story. Although it too blamed the Americans for being unwilling simply to put their trust in Eden, it argued that Sir Anthony had been shown to be right to "accept the thesis" that effort outside the U.N. was necessary. It accused Mr. Gaitskell and the Labour Party of "looking upon the United Nations as a means of evading responsibility." The *Sunday Express* went to what must be almost a new low in popular journalism with a prominently displayed article by Hugh Dundas throwing the largest possible bucketfuls of synthetic slime that could be dredged from the gutters of Fleet Street over every one who opposed Eden on the grounds that in doing so they had betrayed the dead pilots of the Battle of Britain.

Mr. Gaitskell's speech to the Foreign Press Association on Monday gave the *Mirror* another chance to show its enterprise. It gave it the whole of the front and back page in a question-and-answer treatment that was a model in putting over large issues clearly and dramatically. The *Express* did not think the speech worth a line. By Wednesday Sir Anthony Eden's "triumph" of the previous week had begun to take on an even more jaded air and Mr. Dulles was firmly established as the villain, not the hero of the drama. "Mack the Knife Faces Up To Mr. Dulles," shouted the *Express* in a story which made it clear that, despite "tough talking," Mr. Dulles was failing miserably to live up to the Prime Minister's bold words in announcing the Canal Users' Association the previous Thursday. The *Mail* had the same message for its readers, the *Sketch* roared loudly: "Dulles dollars—we don't want them," and the *Telegraph* commented sadly: "It is now highly doubtful that the proposed Canal Users' Association will ever get to the point of actually offering a ship for passage through the Canal."

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

It is more than two hundred years since Drambuie was first brought to Scotland by Bonnie Prince Charlie. The pleasant custom of drinking a liqueur becomes, with Drambuie, part of a tradition that has its origin in the colourful days of the eighteenth century.

Drambuie

The Buck Rake

It went on raining. Everything was soaked and battered, though my oats still had strength enough not to go down all over. In the occasional intervals we managed to get all the hay up into little ricks, though some of it was not in as good order as we should have liked. Then a storm would blow the heads off the ricks or knock them crooked. Sometimes one could shove the head on again with a fork and tighten the ropes, sometimes they had to be rebuilt. A thick aftermath of grass and clover grew up round them. If only we could get the cows on to it!

Then on Sunday it cleared. There was a heavy dew and no sense in starting early. I was feeling a bit upset because, after milking, I had gone out to feed the pigs, and there was the girl pig lying dead and dreadfully human looking from behind. Blood poisoning, the vet said, after testing for anthrax and finding it negative—but why should a pig that was perfectly well in the evening die of blood poisoning in the night?

By now I had my new buck rake on the back of the Ferguson tractor. Ideally I should have had two implements, a hay rake, to replace the old horse rake, and a rick lifter, fairly narrow with long prongs. But on a small farm like this it is quite uneconomic to get all the instruments one would like; and I felt this would have to do the job of both. First of all, we were surprised to find what a clean job it made of raking the wind-rows of hay. Lachlan was doubtful if it would lift the bigger ricks. But it manages, with weights on the front wheels of the tractor to balance it. The only difficulty is that there is the barest clearance through our farm gates, which, even so, are much widened from what they were when we came here, 20 years ago almost. I wouldn't much like bringing a load in myself, but Lachlan and Colin seem to have unerringly straight eyes where gates are concerned.

We started bringing the ricks into the stackyard from Mains field where they had been up more than a month. Some of them were wet in the head, with hay seed growing green, and sometimes wet and blackened in the south-west side where the gales had come from. Once we found that they were coming in safely, we developed a new system. In the old days two or three people had to be in the field to fork and load into a trailer—we used to have two trailers going at once if there were enough helpers. Then the trailers were forked off again on to the stack when they had been driven into the stackyard. But now our pattern was different. Colin went alone to the field, edged the buck rake in under the rick, tied it on and raced back with it. The rest of us concentrated on forking on and building. This way we must have halved the time this particular farm operation took.

Any really efficient bit of machinery must alter methods of working, setting its own pattern; the problem is to adapt oneself quickly. This, for instance, meant that there had to be two stack-builders to make the most of the hay coming in. Those forking on could also keep an eye on the stack, see that it was going up straight, point out a light corner where more had to go on, tug out a piece here or there and rake down the sides. They must also put in the stack props, so that the built stacks would settle evenly.

I have not done much stack building, because in other years I was usually driving one of the trailers. However it became clear that this must be my part of the new pattern. I cannot manage the really skilled part, the drawing in of the head of the stack, which ends with the builder on a ladder combing down the head with a rake. While Lachlan was doing this on one stack, I was building the lower part of its neighbour. A couple of friends were helping; in order to fork up to the head of Lachlan's stack, one had to stand on the trailer, which was now acting as scaffolding. Eddie forked up, while Roddie and Taggy forked from the little ricks, either to him or me. I moved round my stack tramping the hay as I went, doubling the long trails of hay, shoving the wetter bits on to the outside where they would do no harm, shaking the drier bits into the centre, getting the tickly hay seed into my hair and sticking all over me, so that the clothes I took off at night still smelt of hay in the morning.

When Lachlan's stack was finished he climbed down and went on with mine. The two of us building went up quick, level with the branches of the big pines. The tractor raced across the field below us, trailing the dirty skirts of the lifted ricks. We broke off for tea. The evening churchgoers ambled by, not, I think, any longer shocked by Sunday work. Then the midges came out. But we had the field finished off before dusk.

There is plenty of time for talk during hay and harvest. We all work hard, but there are bound to be breaks in one part of the work pattern or another, both when we are gathering the hay in the field and when we are bringing it in. This year, I think, we tended to talk about the Queen's visit, and not with enthusiasm. I wonder how much the newspapers that write up the royal doings are aware of an increasing resentment and irritation among their readers? "Aye, going too far altogether," says Wal, shaking his head as he passes a rope carefully over one of the ricks. And this last visit, among places and people that we in the west know well, has considerably reduced royal popularity. We realise that ex-servicemen, wounded in the first war perhaps, but humble and ordinary, have been passed by, while jumped-up, successful so-and-sos have been presented and photographed. The kind-hearted feel that she has been ill advised, the poor woman, but others are beginning to come to the conclusion that the whole thing is a pack of nonsense and not worth the money that is being spent on it.

However, the weather and our neighbours' doings are still the most important. In the middle of the rains the river suddenly flooded, worse than it has ever been. Duncan had some sheep swept away. His hay was draped over fences that are ordinarily far enough from the river bank. Rory had to wade for his trailer, which was nearly carried away. We are all, I think, sorry for one another's difficulties, glad when things go right. We know the hard work that goes into what has to be done. And we respect it.

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

Flotow and Busoni

LONG since pronounced moribund, Flotow's *Martha* obstinately refuses to die. It looks as though Sadler's Wells, in sore need of a box office success, has shown a sound instinct in reviving the simple old piece, which may well draw the public to Rosebery Avenue.

That this antiquated opera should still prove an attraction in 1956 is really a slur on more recent composers, who have failed to supply a modern equivalent to its blend of humour, sentiment and tunefulness. Many charges can be brought against *Martha*. The plot is naive, and towards the end quite collapses; there is too much ensemble writing in block harmony; the florid passages are pasted on to the melodies instead of forming an integral part of them, as in Donizetti or Rossini; the sentimental side leans shamelessly on "The Last Rose of Summer." All this is true; yet we soon discover that there is plenty of life in the old score yet. The overture—too long, too predictable, and rather stiffly played—had prepared us for boredom. But no such thing: the first two acts proved funny, charming, at moments even exhilarating. Much of the fun derived from the dry wit of Professor Dent's translation (he often supplied just the element of surprise that was lacking in the music), and from the clarity with which it was delivered by the chorus and by most of the soloists—notably Denis Dowling, who made a capital eccentric out of the heroine's elderly cousin, Sir Tristram Mickleford. The two incognito ladies from the court of Queen Anne, and the two farmers who engage them as domestic servants at Richmond Fair, combined into a harmonious and amusing quartet. As solo singers, the hero and heroine were not ideal. Rowland Jones delivered "M'apparì" rather roughly, and June Bronhill's legato singing is deficient in warmth and roundness of tone, though she skims about quite brilliantly in the more florid music. As Nancy, her companion, Anna Pollak sang and acted with all her customary assurance and precision; while in the role of Farmer Plunkett, Howell Glynne found another congenial outlet for his John Bull vein of humour; the comic duet for these two was the brightest spot in a last act which needs more cutting. Powell Lloyd's conventional designs and production suited the opera better, no doubt, than a freakish modernity; but they did not charm the eye.

It is tempting, but useless, to complain that, while *Martha* returns to the repertory, the nearest we can get to Busoni's *Doktor Faust* is a radio transmission of a worthy, but hardly authentic, studio performance in Italian. In the course of an illuminating introductory talk, Philip Hope-Wallace suggested that Busoni's masterpiece is in fact less difficult and awkward than it is reputed to be; time has moved on since 1925, he said, and we are by now quite ready for the opera. On the whole, the Italian broadcast bore out his contention, though I could not feel sure when the arrival of an apparent dead patch in the course of the music meant that Busoni's inspiration had slackened, and when it merely revealed the performers' imperfect comprehension of an alien idiom. Sometimes incompatibility was plainly the trouble, as in the superficial playing of the great Sarabande, or in the too extravert vocal colour of Giuseppe Taddei, who sang with power and eloquence, yet never once suggested the brooding, inward-looking quality of Faust's temperament; he was orator, not philosopher. Fernando Previtali, who conducted, had evidently worked hard to secure an efficient performance; and the listener received a general impression that, with the help of imaginative staging and of the German text and vocal timbre, *Doktor Faust* might prove a most impressive affair. (It is being given, by the way, at Berlin during the current Festival, with Fischer-Dieskau as the protagonist, and I can only hope that the B.B.C. will succeed in obtaining a tape of this performance.)

Busoni went back beyond Goethe to the old puppet play, but he used all the eloquence of music and language to graft universal philosophic ideas on to the traditional puppet action. Just how far he succeeded in combining these seemingly incompatible elements, only a fine stage production could demonstrate. Unseen, the central episode of the action—the wonder-working at the court of Parma and the seduction of the Duchess on her wedding day—is apt to seem unworthy of the earlier and later scenes; just as the middle part of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* is unworthy of its splendid exordium and conclusion. But, after the profound Sarabande and the Berlioz-like scherzo of the disputatious students, we reach a last scene of extraordinary power and beauty. One can imagine the effectiveness of the stage picture: the snow-covered midnight streets of Wittenberg, the night-watchman who is really Mephistopheles, the church guarded by the ghost of Gretchen's brother and tenanted by an intoning chorus of the dead, the crucifix whose figure changes under the gleam of the nightwatchman's lantern to that of Helena, the death of Faust as he succeeds in transferring to his dead child the will-power which in him was thwarted and crooked; finally, the symbolic arising in the child's place of a naked youth, holding a flowering branch, who "strides with uplifted arms over the snow into the town and into the night." In this scene fantasy and poetry blend to produce an entirely original Faust consummation; and the music, even when showing influences as diverse as those of Palestrina and Liszt, speaks always of the powerfully original and fertile intelligence of the composer. Harmony and orchestration have an astringent quality which is sometimes bracing, sometimes disquieting, sometimes curiously prophetic of Hindemith. The finest pages of Busoni's last and greatest work are in effect a self-portrait, and it is the great virtue of Jarnach's handling of the closing monologue, which Busoni left unfinished at his death, that by deep sympathy and clever use of previously heard material he has made the break almost imperceptible.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Rock-and-Roll

FROM time to time the activities of the teen-age lunatic fringe provide material for the moralist, circulation-builders for the editor, and free advertisement for whatever happens to have stimulated adolescent enthusiasm, generally a singer. There would be no reason for writing about Rock-and-Roll (the "n" is pure gimmick) if it merely provided a chance for the youth to jive in cinema aisles, for magistrates to make *ex cathedra* statements, and for every agent and band-booker in the country to think hard about sending out Rock 'n' Roll road-shows. It is worth writing about, because it illustrates more clearly than anything else the relations between jazz, popular entertainment and folk-music.

For Rock-and-Roll is simply American folk-music, Negro and White, transposed into money-making terms, that is, diluted, vulgarised, and deprived of both its modest technical and its considerable human interest, but commercially tricked out. Jazz-lovers have always been aware of the substratum of American folk-music of which jazz itself is a specialised development: country songs and dances, bar-room piano, mouth-organ and street-fiddle music, gospel songs, blues, cowboy and hillbilly music and the like. Since this is a living music, it has been recorded not only by antiquarians and collectors, like the Lomaxes of the Library of Congress, but by commercial gramophone companies who have long catered for this market. It has never been easy to find suitable names for this section of their catalogues, especially since such labels as "race" or "hillbilly" records tended to alienate the Negro or

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hillbilly purchaser. Normally, therefore, they have become known in the trade by some innocuous and comprehensive names such as "Country and Western" or "Rhythm and Blues" (commonly called R. and B.). Their contents have always been quite miscellaneous; their public the "folk" public, in the twentieth-century sense of the word, except for a small group of intellectuals with a taste for primitive blues or similar art forms, and an unclassifiable fringe of those who like sexual allusions, which are easily camouflaged by various forms of argot, and equally easily slipped into such lists, with or without the connivance of the companies.

R. and B. was and is the source from which much of jazz and various other kinds of popular music have sprung, and all have been revived from time to time by returning to it. Thus one of the finest of the large swing bands, Count Basie's, which has lately made a welcome return to popularity, owed a good deal of its merit to the rocking rhythm and the simple shouting vocal blues which it brought from the provincial Negro ghetto of Kansas City into the wider world. The value of R. and B. is rarely in the individual merit of its records, but in the traditions, the songs, styles and techniques which it holds, together with much junk. They are the raw material of art, though occasionally they produce records in which some casual rhythmic gospel-singer or blues-shouter, accompanied by piano, mouth-organ, or electric guitar will move hearts of concrete. They will also, occasionally, throw up genuine folk-artists of genius, like the late Bessie Smith, or the gospel-singer Mahalia Jackson.

With one or two exceptions—"boogie-woogie" piano, with its hypnotic rhythm, derived from western navvies' camps and South Side Chicago Negro parties, and the socially conscious blues for which the New Deal provided a fair sized trade unionist and intellectual public—R. and B. has been something to borrow from, rather than something to adopt *in toto*. But the interesting thing about both British and American taste in the last few years is, that it has learned to take R. and B. straight. Rock-and-Roll is merely the businessman's recognition that there is a new taste to be exploited.

In Britain it might be possible to put the taste down to the devoted propaganda of intellectuals, who have campaigned for undiluted blues as others have campaigned for flamenco or plainsong. But there is obviously more to it than that, for over the past ten years tin pan alley has borrowed from folk-music with increasing frequency. Appalachian songs became song-hits, hillbilly square dances enjoyed a surprising popularity, the *jeunesse dorée* burst into guitar-accompanied songs about Smoky Mountain or John Henry even when sober. For some obscure reason the fashion has become overwhelming in the past year or so. Few would have predicted in 1954 that a mountain miner's song of typical New Deal spirit—full of individualist rebellion, bitterness and attacks on, of all things, truck payment—would soon become a best-seller. But *Sixteen Tons*, a typical R. and B. number, though indifferently sung in a commercial manner, swept all before it. The most recent of the bobby-soxers' idols, a peculiarly unappealing Texan lad called Elvis Presley, with a line in suggestive belly-dancing, sings what every expert recognises as fundamentally R. and B. stuff. Rock-and-Roll belongs to the same type. It has been adequately described in the *Melody Maker* as "watered down jump blues with hillbilly overtones and a hand-clapping type of offbeat reminiscent of swinging gospel songs." In fact, its vocabulary is purely derived from R. and B. Bill Haley, who launched it, is himself a "Country and Western" performer who claims that its rhythm is derived from old Negro church music. That it has lost its rhythmical interest and genuine fervour in the process of commercialisation, is obvious. But even in its enfeebled form, the rocking beat of the Negro congregational gospel music still has the power to fill the aisles of British cinemas with unaccustomed movement.

Why the fashion has grown up, is anybody's guess. In itself, it does no more harm than any other craze in popular taste. We need not listen to Rock-and-Roll, and the jazz-lover, who has plenty of genuine gospel music and blues to choose from, will listen least of all. If it encourages a greater interest in such music, and allows a few genuine folk-artists to earn a little decent money on the fringes of the craze, it may even do some good. There is, however, one serious danger. Hitherto R. and B. has remained unpolluted just because it has been largely uncommercialised in the modern way. In Baptist churches, in southern jails and backyards, in northern bar-rooms and on records with a limited sale, men and women have continued to make the same kind of unselfconscious music as their parents. That is why the more sophisticated, intellectualised and commercialised forms of American music have been able to refresh themselves from time to time by contact with it. But what is to happen if this, the last stronghold of that folk-music of modern capitalist society, which is so extraordinary a contribution of the United States to our culture, is itself commercialised? If every backyard singer has his eye on his own rhythmic or "folklorist" value, as every elderly New Orleans clarinettist already has his eye on the market for Dixieland music? Twenty years ago Alistair Cooke electrified us with his radio programme: "I hear America Singing." What if America is no longer heard singing, but only producing hit styles? Perhaps there is no escape from the logic of a commercial society; but if there is not, much more will be at stake than the peace of mind of cinema managers in Lancashire.

FRANCIS NEWTON

OTARD

The only Brandy bottled at the Château de Cognac

FAMOUS SINCE 1795

Venice 1956

IN view of the kind of publicity they usually receive, it is inevitable, I suppose, that film festivals should commonly be imagined to consist entirely of champagne receptions and glamour on the beach. In Britain this is particularly the case. "That Battle of Glamour called the Film Festival has begun here, as testy and chesty as ever," wrote the *Daily Mirror's* special correspondent from Venice this year. But in fact Venice, 1956, was absolutely *not* as usual. A number of enterprising innovations were made which completely changed the character of the festival, diminishing the quantity of films shown, the stars and hangers-on in attendance, and the possibilities for tabloid publicity. As a result two London dailies informed their readers that the festival was a "flop" before a single film had been shown.

The essential innovation at Venice was a policy of pre-selection—a revolutionary principle at a European film festival. Hitherto the organisers at Cannes, Berlin and Venice have simply issued invitations to the nations of the world, and been content to screen whatever was offered to them. But last year the number of purely commercial pictures shown at Venice (amongst them films like *Interrupted Melody* and *Doctor at Sea*) provoked something like a revolt among critics. The situation was reviewed, and it was decided that this year all entries would have to be submitted to a preliminary, all-Italian committee of selectors. And in spite of the refusal of both the British and the American producers' organisations to co-operate (which meant that the festival was denied films like *Moby Dick, Giant* and *The Searchers*), this policy was adhered to. The result was for once a festival which, if it discovered no masterpieces, at least showed nothing that was without interest.

With America thus represented only by a couple of rebels (new films by Nicholas Ray and Robert Aldrich, both significantly hysterical), the honours in the west were shared between France and Spain, with two pictures each. René Clement's *Gervaise*, a version of Zola's *L'Assommoir*, contains some fine period reconstruction, virtuoso direction, and a maudlin performance by Maria Schell as the much-suffering heroine; Autant-Lara's *La Traversée de Paris*, a bitter little comedy

of the occupation, has Gabin and the comedian Bourvil as two black marketeers, lugging pork across a blacked-out Paris in bulging suitcases: well-made films both of these, yet betraying a certain cultural fatigue. The Spanish pictures made a fresher impact. J.-A. Bardem (whose *Death of a Cyclist* was at the Academy recently) proved himself a director of outstanding technical prowess with *Calle Major* (*Main Street*); but this ironic tragedy of a plain girl hoaxed by a group of callous young men shows its influences a little too directly (Fellini; *Marty*) and these are not minimised by the casting of Beby Blair in the leading role—sensitive and touching though she is. Bardem's contemporary, Luis Berlanga (who made *Welcome Mr. Marshall*), achieved a more spontaneous success with his *Calabuch*, a rather Ealingish comedy of a runaway atomic scientist who takes refuge in a friendly, eccentric little town in southern Spain: simple, witty and very neatly handled.

Nothing from Britain: a solid war piece from Russia, interesting mainly for its post-Stalinian emphasis on individual initiative and courage: an avant-garde venture into a tragi-comic Athens underworld: a plodding German anti-militarist satire (Zuckmayer's play, *The Captain From Koepenick*) which inevitably ended in compromise.... Such was the general texture of a festival that stimulated rather than satisfied. Two films, however, stood out particularly: from Mexico *Torero*, a brilliant and original wedding of newsreel shots with fresh documentary material to make a portrait of the bullfighter Luis Procuna. For once here is no romanticised picture of the sport, but a forceful and entirely convincing analysis of its shameful as well as its heroic side. Presumably the censor will make difficulties for it here—though it is a picture no adult can possibly find offensive.

I doubt whether *The Burmese Harp* will be seen in London either, unless perhaps at the National Film Theatre; though for rather different reasons. Here is a Japanese film about the end of the war in Burma, in which the Japanese army is represented chiefly by a single unwarlike platoon, much given to the singing of "Home, Sweet Home". Yet this is far from being a ludicrous picture. The key is in the fact that it is not strictly speaking a realist picture either, but a poetic fable about war, at times sentimental, but more often astonishing—as poetry should astonish—and disturbing. Separated from his unit, one of the soldiers treks wearily across country to rejoin them. Everywhere he passes bodies: heaped, horribly decomposing, in valleys; strewn across rocky hillsides; littered in ones and twos under trees and bushes. The obscene visions obsess him: he must bury the dead, even if it means dedicating his life to the task. The images of this whole central episode have a poetic suggestiveness, a sense of disaster and compassion, that gives *The Burmese Harp* an imaginative persistence beyond anything else shown at Venice this year.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Tooths and Bones

ONCE upon a time every dog had its bone. But then—as a result of facts you can find in the history books—things changed. A few dogs had numerous plates of goulash, so that their teeth became rotten; and the majority couldn't even find old dry bones to bite on. And so the time-honoured dog pleasure of enjoying a bone between the teeth and at the same time sucking some nourishment out of it disappeared. It was all either goulash or a search for the meanest scraps. Then a very fly dog invented the rubber bone. And this rubber replica consoled many dogs for several generations, though it couldn't really satisfy them.

Quite recently a number of very visionary dogs got together to see what could be done about this sad state of affairs. They all agreed that the rubber bone was a dishonest trick. "But the point is," they continued, "we've now advanced enough to see that the very idea of a bone has limited us. We must liberate ourselves from the bone." And so they began to make all kinds of hard, biteable objects that didn't even pretend to be bones. And they defended these by saying, "The real dog pleasure resides in having beautiful biteable shapes to bite upon." And when some old dog pointed out that in the old days the real bones also had meat on them and nourishment in them, they replied by saying "We believe all dogs should have meat and be well fed. But the dog pleasure of having something between your teeth should be absolutely pure and need have nothing to do with eating." So they continued to make their purely biteable objects, and some of the most highly bred and sensitive dogs genuinely enjoyed them, but while they bit on them they all thought of different things; the terriers, having something so biteable between their teeth, thought of rabbits; the spaniels of ducks; the Pekingese of their mistress's cushions; whilst the few mongrels, who came in on the game, thought of the comfortable, well-fed life they might have one day.

The great question is this: were the dogs who made and believed in these biteable objects visionaries and pioneers, or were they—as the vast majority of dogs in the world still looking for scraps thought—too clever by half?

At Tooth's Sir Herbert Read has made his *Critic's Choice* of seven living British artists. All of them, except William Scott, are abstract. In his modest introduction, however, Sir Herbert emphasises that this is not a polemical exhibition, but simply a collection of works which give him great pleasure. Ben Nicholson's and Terry Frost's canvases are beautifully composed. Peter Kinley's pigment is juicy and sensuous, although extremely slick. Alan Davie in his *Tom Cat's Dream* dredges maybe deeply but cannot recognise what he brings to light. Scott arranges plastic signs for saucepans and bowls to create a tension that suggests these utensils are the arbiters of our fate. Patrick Heron drools paint with obvious sensitivity—no gobs. But, despite all their formal qualities, the essential pleasure to be found in these works lies in their ambiguity. Certainly they are not illusionistic tricks like the rubber bone. They can be all things to all men—rabbits to the terriers and cushions to the Pekingese. But isn't this being all things to all men a form of clever sentimentality, denying both body and substance, and so finally meaning nothing to the hungry and little to anyone?

The one artist of the seven about whom I remain—or, more honestly, have become—doubtful is Victor Pasmore. His works are three-dimensional geometric constructions of coloured bits of wood, glass and plastic. They suggest nothing. They have only their superb proportions. If I say that their movement is like that of the keys of a piano, or that, as you walk past them and see their different facets, it is like turning the pages of a book of poetry—I invent these images merely to try to describe in words the purely visual. It is just possible that light, space, colour and the mass-produced surface could become, if treated with unambiguous objectivity, the elements of machines for manufacturing a limited kind of æsthetic pleasure. Just possible. And if they do Pasmore will have been a pioneer.

JOHN BERGER

So It Still Goes On

IN one respect, my description last week of Soviet television turned out to be unfair. I emphasised satirically the frequency of costume drama, and I had indeed seen three of these (in part) on three successive nights. But—as *would* happen, as soon as I had written and sent off the article—the next two programmes that I happened to see were quite different, and far more enjoyable: a beautifully acted French film of *Thérèse Raquin*, dubbed in Russian, and a dramatic reconstruction of the Reichstag trial so exciting that nobody old enough to remember such names as Van Der Lubbe would have had to know Russian to enjoy it. My general point, however, about the predominance of film and of entertainment, chiefly drama, remains valid.

It was interesting to return to British TV and sound-radio almost on the eves of two anniversaries of extremely contrasting character: the first anniversary of ITV (this week-end) and the tenth anniversary of the Third Programme (on Michaelmas Day). For good or for ill (or, as usual, for a bit of both) neither of these anniversaries could conceivably be celebrated in the USSR: obviously, the question of commercialism would not arise; but there would be equally strong disapproval of a cultural programme deliberately designed to be above the heads of the majority of listeners. (If that seems

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a crude and ungrateful way of defining the Third, it is none the less true.)

At least ITV are sparing us the pompous "tribute" programme which is inevitable on any BBC anniversary of importance: no sermons by dignitaries on the great responsibilities, etc., etc.; just one forty-five-minute programme of an archetypal ITV kind—singing stars, comics, and quiz-masters "coming to you from" an advertisers' ball at a Mayfair hotel.

I knew I was home when I staggered sleepily into my flat, switched on the TV without checking channel or time—and found a quiz-master peeling off pound notes to a contestant who had to guess whether a certain sum of money or a tubful of oysters was worth more. (Even at this moment, a faint critical doubt crept in. The "market" value of oysters was spoken of. Presumably this is what they cost wholesale, not retail?) This programme, new to me, originates from Granada, in the north. It seemed harmless enough, and rather more interesting than some of these giveaway guessing-games. But how utterly trivial and banal all this kind of entertainment is. . . .

In his jubilant anniversary article in the *TV Times,* Sir Robert Fraser draws what seems to me a false analogy between the voter's choice of political candidates and the viewer's choice of TV programmes. The two things are surely not comparable. If parliamentary democracy is of any value at all, it must be because the electorate is gradually educated towards objective and responsible choice. The choice exercised by switching the TV knob is determined solely by the private expectation of immediate pleasure. The political parallel to this would be an election in which the voters took no cognisance at all of Suez or inflation or even housing, and voted simply for a party which, however irresponsibly and demagogically, offered instantaneous, enormous, free material benefits to all. This would be the death of democracy. I am not falling into Sir Robert's error in reverse and arguing that *therefore* the viewer's freedom to choose tripe is intrinsically undesirable (though it may be so for other reasons). I am merely presuming to ask him to avoid these facile comparisons; but I fear that ebullient facility, a tendency to over-simplify great issues in the manner of a cracking good Scout troop-leader, is one of his dangers as well as one of his charms.

Dividing this week's TV programmes arbitrarily into (A) and (B), the former being programmes which an intelligent person could probably sit through without actual distress, I find that in about 51¼ hours of television on the BBC and 45½ hours on ITV (in London), the hours that I have dared to label (A) number 18¼ on the BBC and 12 on ITV. This is about what one would expect. One small gain for civilisation is that ITN have now secured a slightly larger allocation of time: there are now 25 minutes of news (at 7 and 10.45) each weekday evening on ITV.

I was back in England just in time to hear some of last Sunday night's radio programmes. The most fascinating of these was Nesta Pain's music-drama-documentary, on the Home Service, on the long and precarious life of the cicada. If there had been such programmes as this when I was a small boy, I would not have been so bored as I was by natural history. I noted with pleasure one splendidly deadpan meiosis: "For mating to take place there must be close spatial co-ordination."

I was also interested to come home to the great rock 'n' roll brawl, for the last time I had heard *Rock Around the Clock* was on the radio of an Intourist car on the way to a collective farm near Tashkent, in Soviet Uzbekistan. This disc was followed by an equally familiar, but even more incongruous, exhortation, in the thrilled and urgent tone of the western huckster: "*New* Kolynos makes teeth *whiter*. . . ." This cultural intrusion emanated from Radio-Colombo: I felt that it would be a good thing, after all, if Ceylon did leave the Commonwealth.

TOM DRIBERG

Promenade Concert, at the Albert Hall

The last week of the Promenade Concerts gave us the first London performance of Iain Hamilton's fine *Symphonic Variations* (1953). The sheer sound of his music is continually fascinating, without recourse to gimmicks. But this is the least of its virtues. The thematic material is strong and memorable, and from it Hamilton succeeds in generating a moving piece of music. In structure it is both original and interesting. These are quite literally symphonic variations, for they fall into three sections, which are intended to recall the movements of a symphony. But even though the work is closer knit than most sets of variations, it may be wondered whether it can take the weight of emotion that Hamilton has packed into it. Variations, however subtly organised, lack the thematic cross-reference and interplay of a genuinely symphonic form—they assert rather than argue; Hamilton's variations, like many large-scale works in cyclic forms, run the risk of appearing episodic merely because they impose too great a strain on too little material. Further hearings may well prove this criticism, tentatively offered, to be invalid. J. N.

Correspondence

NEW MINDS FOR THE NEW WORLD

SIR,—There are two serious obstacles in the way of any attempts to encourage people to take up engineering or science as a career. The first is the fact that, in this country, there is very little social status attached to being an engineer or technologist. In modern parlance, engineering is a "non-U" profession. Many people regard an engineer as a person with a cloth cap and an oil-can who spends most of his time under motor cars or locomotives. The fact that he may have studied at a university or technical college for three or four years and taken a fairly stiff course leading to a degree, is generally ignored. To many he is simply a glorified mechanic and he is often treated accordingly.

As long as this attitude prevails parents will continue to encourage their sons to take up the professions which carry higher social standing such as medicine, law, accountancy and similar unproductive and useless careers—useless, that is, from the point of view of the economic progress of the country. The fact, as pointed out by your contributor in "New Minds for the New World," that Russia produces more scientists, engineers and technologists than America, Britain and western Europe put together, whilst America alone produces 20 times more lawyers than Russia is indicative of this. Until something is done to put science and engineering on an equivalent social plane with white-collar and administrative professions there will continue to be a preference for the latter by the middle classes of this country.

The second obstacle is the fact that even now, with the existence of a shortage of scientists recognised by all authorities and employers, it is still more profitable financially to take up an administrative or white-collar profession rather than a scientific one. A graduate with an honours degree in physics four years ago started in industry at a salary of about £400 and, if he is lucky, will just about reach the thousand mark by the time he is 30 years old. Nowadays the starting salaries for new graduates are about £500 but still do not rise to much more than £1,000 by the age of 30. These are hardly the sort of salaries one expects to be paid to people of whom there is supposed to be an acute shortage. Even a mediocre chartered accountant can generally expect to do as well, if not better. The financial rewards and prospects, therefore, also give little inducement to young people to take science rather than arts, the latter generally leading to the higher paid administrative posts.

Another problem is now beginning to make itself felt. The United States and Canada are as acutely short of scientists and engineers as Britain. A graduate with a good honours degree who enters industrial research in this country will generally start at a salary around £500. In America his starting salary would be around 5,000 dollars. Even making allowance for the difference in the cost of living in the two countries his salary in America would still be more than double what he would get here. As a college lecturer in physics what should I advise graduates to do—remain in this country at a mediocre salary or go to America where they would command a salary which more fairly reflects their qualifications and the hard work they have put into their studies? More and more graduates are making the obvious choice for themselves. When British industry wakes up to the fact that it is underpaying its scientists and engineers it may well be too late.

R. C. GLASS

37 Wentworth Road, N.W.11.

SIR,—A not unimportant correction should be made to the facts given in the excellent article, "New Minds for the New World." The 1954 figure of 12,000 Soviet graduates in pure science does not include any but a few school teachers. Nearly all Soviet secondary school teachers are trained in the pedogogical institutes, whose output of science teachers is additional to the output of pure scientists, and is indeed listed separately in Soviet statistics.

For comparison purposes, the 1954 figure of 5,200 British pure science graduates should be reduced by about 850, the number who entered school teaching.

J. A. P. HALL

1 Avon Road, E.17.

SIR,—I read with dismay the replies to your feature, "New Minds for the New World." They all answered it on its own terms and accepted without question the values underlying the writer's arguments. How totalitarian his values are is brought out by his sinister metaphors: Scientists are no longer human individuals but a "crop," an "investment." And a few lines later we have, "Incidentally [*sic*], there are indications that many of these teachers have gone enthusiastically to their jobs, and not just as directed labour." Even if these unspecified indications are correct, there are still presumably many other teachers who have crept unwillingly to school, and many men who have only become scientists at all under compulsion. Is that, too, "incidental"? Or one of the crucial differences between the liberal West and Communist Russia?

Admittedly it is in Russia, not England, that, according to the writer, these crops of scientists are being compulsorily invested in education. But the writer's whole point is that Britain should do likewise. For what purpose? The purpose is not clearly specified, but evidently it is to meet some threat from Russia. It is, however, both unreasonable and, to most Englishmen, distasteful to resist some totalitarian nation by becoming totalitarian ourselves.

J. M. LISTER

8 Stanwell Avenue,
Huddersfield.

SIR,—No one doubts that it is essential for Britain to produce more scientists. One would think, therefore, that incentives today, in terms of standard of living, would be greater than before the war, but this is not so.

In a well-documented article published in the journal of the Association of Scientific Workers two or three years ago it was pointed out that before the war an average graduate in engineering or chemistry could expect to receive at the age of about 35 a salary of £550 a year. "In order to live at what used to be regarded as a reasonable professional standard," the article stated, he "would now have to receive a salary (assuming tax allowances for a wife and two children) of £1,475 a year." This article was based on 1951 statistics: the figure of £1,475 ought today to be about £1,600. In fact, the salary of an average graduate at 35 is probably no more than two-thirds of this amount. As a first step, then, salaries should be restored to the pre-war level in terms of purchasing power.

What happens to the scientists who are at present leaving their colleges, starry-eyed, ambitious and enthusiastic? Of those who go into government or industrial laboratories, probably at least 40 per cent. will never again use more than one per cent. of the

knowledge gained in their degree courses. If they are ever seen with a slide rule calculating, say, the volume of a sphere, they will be greeted by their colleagues with sardonic remarks about budding back-room boys; such is the unheard-of nature of their deviation from routine.

Much of this routine consists of work that could be satisfactorily done by an unqualified person: taking readings from instruments, collating routine data, record-keeping, form-filling. When a post entails a knowledge of differential equations, potential theory, thermodynamics, or similar subjects covered by the syllabus of a general degree course, only graduates with good honours degrees are invited to apply.

A substantial alleviation of our lack of applied scientists could be achieved by a top-to-bottom overhaul of the scientific staffs employed by the government and industry, involving a re-allocation of their work and the engagement of unqualified people to do the routine jobs. A scheme for the transfer of pension rights in industry would facilitate the movement of graduates from firms that find themselves with a surplus to those scientifically understaffed.

R. V. HARROWELL

39 Raglan Gardens, Oxhey, Herts.

SIR,—Your correspondent explains the position to us admirably, but does not tell us how to alter it. I suggest that a remedy can easily be found. Our minds are all right; what we need is reorganisation of our methods of training them for the new world.

The shortage of science teachers, and the over-specialisation of which your correspondent complains, are bound together with the policy of selection at 11, which benefits no one except perhaps the grammar school teachers, and them it leads to believe that their educational mission is to coach the ablest children for specialist courses. Far from deploring the system of narrow preparation for university scholarships which your correspondent condemns, grammar schools vie with each other in maintaining it, and build their work around it. The best-qualified teachers spend much of their time with small sets of "Scholarship Level" candidates.

The remedy is to divide secondary education into two stages. Secondary pupils able to continue full-time schooling beyond about 16 would leave at 14 or 15 for tertiary schools, which would draw students from a large number of secondary schools. Although science teaching would be strengthened in the new comprehensive secondary schools, there would be no difficulty in finding competent teachers for this stage. The specialist science teachers would be reserved for the varied courses in the central high schools and technical colleges of the tertiary stage.

S. W. GREEN

43 Wulfstan Way, Cambridge.

SIR,—Those of us who have every sympathy with Mr. Mayne's strictures on the Report of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service must disagree with him when he suggests that its main defect lay in its harsh treatment of his members, the professional and scientific civil servants, in comparison with the administrators. The Civil Service is now having extreme difficulty in recruiting sufficient administrative personnel also, and the post-Priestley salary scales offer no hope that this situation, equally serious, will improve.

The sad thought that will occur to most senior civil servants on reading your article is that, regardless of whether their clever 14-year-old son is educated in the sciences or the arts, the one thing he must be persuaded from doing is following his father into the public service.

GEOFFREY CASTON
Hon. Secretary.
Association of First Division Civil Servants.

TRUMAN AND HISS

SIR,—Two weeks after Harry Truman made an extraordinary statement concerning the American witch-hunt, British papers have reported it—but only partially, and in a context which surely shifts the emphasis from where it belongs.

On a Milwaukee television show, the man who was President throughout the witch-hunt's formative years said he "did not believe Alger Hiss had been a Communist spy" nor even that Hiss was a Communist (*N.Y. Times*, Oct. 4). Of Nathan Silvermaster and Harry White, the two former New Deal officials who have taken their place with Hiss as top "Russian spies" in witch-hunt mythology, Truman said he did not believe they "were guilty of anything." He denied having called the Congressional investigation of Hiss "a red herring" at the time, but added: "That is exactly what it was."

White died of a heart attack three days after he was dragged before the inquisition while suffering from a severe heart ailment. Eight years later, and nearly two years after Hiss completed his 44-month jail term, the ex-President discloses these beliefs without any expression of regret or sympathy. For Truman it was an attempt to score an electoral point for the Democrats against Nixon who led the hue and cry against Hiss. Our press now reports it in connection with the Republicans' attempt to score a point by embarrassing Stevenson.

For the dozens of men and women whom Washington still holds in jail for their politics, the hundreds it has deported, the thousands it has blacklisted and ruined, it is disheartening that the British press continues to treat the witch-hunt as ancient history and almost un-newsworthy. Most of the British public do not know that a Democrat controlled Congress recently passed, and Eisenhower signed, a law raising to 20 years the Smith Act jail term for "conspiracy to advocate," i.e., wrong politics. Nor that the frightened giant which leads the free world has now extended to all citizens its political iron curtain, under which one must swear one "is not and has never been" a Communist to get a passport.

CEDRIC BELFRAGE

16 Talbot Square, W.2.

THE POPULAR PRESS

SIR,—Francis Williams is a well-known journalist and probably the best critic of newspapers we have. To me his Notebook is the best feature in the *N.S. & N.*,

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(have/have not a gramophone).

but it saddens me sometimes, as a fellow N.U.J. member.

I suppose it is because he is writing about professional ethics for the public that he pulls his punches for the popular press. He has defended things that most newspapermen think indefensible, and now he has attacked *The Times* for not being silly too. I support your correspondent who protested.

But I admit he shares the majority attitude in the N.U.J. Those of us who say sensationalism lowers the status of the journalist, who is rightly regarded as a public nuisance when he intrudes on personal privacy, are told not to cry stinking fish or foul the nest. I still say journalists ought not to feel bound to echo their proprietors even when off duty and considering their own professional interest.

The public cannot be left out of this entirely. Do they know that Fleet Street is now about 30 years behind American practice, which has had a renaissance? What I ask of Francis Williams is that he should sometimes write for your readers from a journalist's viewpoint. He will agree, I think, that nobody suffers more from a policy of sex, sadism, sensationalism and sentimentality than the reporter who is hounded by police, thrown out by irate citizens and kicked around by all.

ERIC KINTON, Editor

South London Press.

TECHNICAL CONSPIRACY

SIR,—Tom Driberg's comments on TV with sound radio are wide of the mark. It is incorrect to state that combined sets have only just been shown at our annual Radio Show. They have been on show every year and were in fact more common some years ago when nearly every maker had at least one combined set.

Combined sets have not been popular with the public. If such a set should break down and need servicing, one is deprived of both radio and television reception. Another objection is that the radio section cannot be separated from the television section for use in different rooms. Also, most people already have a radio set and they see no point in paying a higher price for a combined set. There is, therefore, a great deal to be said for having the radio set independent of the television set.

Hampstead, N.W.3. I. DRAZIN

SIR,—Thank you very much for your interesting article on Soviet and Czech viewers in your issue of September 15. Mr. Driberg mentions that they are able to buy combined Radio-TV sets and goes on to denounce "the avarice of manufacturers and dealers" in this country, because "presumably we are expected to buy two separate instruments."

Now it may well be that one sub-chassis develops more rapidly than another: this the purchaser of a combined set at the end of the war would be content with his A.M. wireless reception but anxious to improve his now obsolescent and inadequate vision-chassis. Or perhaps a man who had bought a combined set more recently might be keen to enjoy F.M. reception—only to find that his machine would cost more money to convert than it would cost to buy a new receiver. They would not thank their stars that they bought a dual-purpose set: they would be more likely to regret the pace of technical change.

Again, as Macaulay's schoolboy knows, the components of the initial stages of a sound-receiver must be chosen to function at a certain frequency. The TV sound-frequency is very different from that of the medium-wave stations. So it is only with the advent of reliable V.H.F. broadcasting that cheap switching from TV to other B.B.C. emissions has become possible.

Finally, it may well be that the average British household is electronically more sophisticated than its Soviet counterpart. Thus it might be that the prospective purchaser over here already possesses a wireless, and would prefer to spend the marginal fiver on something else rather than the accumulation of another wireless. The Soviet purchaser may not have a radio at all. So perhaps the conspiracy detected by Mr. Driberg is a technical one, rather than the scheme of selfish capitalism.

35 Marlborough Hill, R. S. TALBOTT
N.W.8.

EQUALITY IN THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—I was most interested in Peter Shore's article and Professor Cole's reply, and would like to add something on one point, namely, inequality of incomes.

In Britain last year, 2,000 people had personal incomes of £700 per head per week. Other people had less than £3 per week. This means a range of 230 to 1.

In the U.S.S.R. the lowest wage today is about 240 roubles a month and the very highest about 10,000 roubles a month, or a ratio of 1 to 40. Even allowing for the occasional Lenin (*née* Stalin) Prizes which can be as much as 100,000 roubles, I do not think Peter Shore has any reason for saying the range of incomes is greater in the U.S.S.R. than here.

But the degree of inequality in the U.S.S.R. is at this very moment being reduced. The new minimum wage law raises the town minimum to 300 to 350 roubles and the rural minimum to 270 roubles. And, as Mikoyan put it at the Twentieth Congress, they are doing away "with the excessive gap between the wages of the lower-paid and higher-paid categories" which "stimulated the rapid growth of cadres of highly skilled workers who were badly needed by the country." Now, he says, the difference "will be narrowed down" which "signifies a step forward to Communism."

It may be argued, of course, that British income tax enormously reduces the large British incomes. True. But it is equally true that the Soviet price and trading structure enormously reduce the purchasing power of large Soviet incomes, so that any special pleading on the one point can be balanced by equally important considerations on the other side.

PAT SLOAN

British Soviet Friendship Society.

RITCHIE CALDER

SIR,—I feel bound to point out that "Critic" has been completely misinformed on two points in his comment on Ritchie Calder's resignation from the *News Chronicle*.

Hugh McLeave is not leaving the *News Chronicle*. Following the retirement of Ritchie Calder, the treatment of scientific subjects in the paper will henceforward be in his hands.

Secondly, it is complete nonsense to suggest that this paper ever has been or ever will be "indisposed to deal seriously with . . . science."

On the contrary, we have every confidence, in view of our experience of Hugh McLeave's work as Mr. Calder's deputy, that the reputation of this side of the paper will be fully maintained.

MICHAEL CURTIS, Editor

News Chronicle.

[We are glad that Mr. McLeave changed his mind. Mr. Ritchie Calder explains his point about the difficulties of serious science reporting in the daily Press in an article we publish this week. On one point Critic's note may have carried an unfair implication—among Fleet Street papers the *News Chronicle* is certainly the least open to criticism in this respect.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PAPIST PLOTS

SIR,—Mr. Waugh had better look back at his previous letter and see what he is arguing about before accusing me of irrelevancy. The question is whether converts make suitable inquisitors (not, of course, whether missionaries specifically train inquisitors). Fortunately, the question cannot be answered in English terms. In Spanish it can. For the converts in the Spanish Inquisition Mr. Waugh can consult any up-to-date authority. The family of Torquemada, which he names, were converted Jews with the usual zeal against their former kind. As for the Spanish Inquisition lasting "nearly 600 years"—it was founded in 1480 and finally suppressed in 1834. If Mr. Waugh cannot count, or cannot distinguish the Spanish from the Roman Inquisition, he should not presume to write about it.

Christ Church, H. R. TREVOR-ROPER
Oxford.

THE SECRET OF KUGEL

SIR,—I greatly enjoyed the charming little story in the last *N.S. & N.* But is Mr. Richler's Kugel, a pie made of noodles, eggs, fat and condiments, the real Kugel? My grandmother, scion of a century-old family of rabbis, scholars and martyrs, made it of chopped meat (beef and goose), liver, onion and garlic and she called it "Fleisch-kugel". Never in all my life have I eaten anything to equal it—taking Mr. Richler's Kugel only for a poor substitute.

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The New World of the Manus

In 1953 Dr. Margaret Mead, the formidable American anthropologist, returned to Manus, the Great Admiralty island in New Guinea, after an absence of 25 years. Eventful years for Manus: Stone Age children she had known in 1928 had been put through the new master-mixer of modern war. They had been ruled by Germans and by Australians; they had been Roman Catholic converts; they had been over-run by the Japanese. They had seen the island turned into an Australian and American base and had been swamped by the most easy-going and childishly irresponsible troops in the world. If Roman Catholicism had replaced the rule of ghosts, it had itself been superseded in an apocalyptical tumult called "the Noise" which had given birth to a peculiar non-Catholic Christianity called the New Way. In this process the Manus had emerged from the Stone Age and had become a recognisable part of the modern world and, in their degree, as self-conscious as the rest of us. They had been forced by the accident of events, and Dr. Mead's is an elaborate and intimate account of the happenings that have changed this people and the effect upon them. There is no doubt in her mind that there has been a profound liberation. Years ago she would have feared the suddenness and speed of the change, but now she wonders if the success of it was not due, after all, to the violence and haste. Of course, the Australians had to do the clearing up after the holiday of war, but there is no evidence in her book to suggest that human beings may not jump a thousand years or more of the civilising process in the space of a quarter of a century.

The subject is of the greatest importance, for similar shocks and revolutionary changes have been felt since the war all over the world, where primitive life has felt the impact of the mass civilisations. Until the war the white man was known as a paternal colonial figure cut off in his community; when the American and Australian armies came, Western man life was seen *en masse*, and although the troops created and left chaos behind them, they also left the powerful impression of their own ordinary, free relationship with one another, and the sight of machines doing work which traditionally exhausted the bodies of men. These armies were also naturally egalitarian. They were vast, abnormal, masterful and artificial communities and had a sort of ruthless innocence. They loved giving away their equipment. In their intrusions (as Dr. Mead says) the Anglo-Saxons have always been friendly and sympathetic to each other's natives, if they are oppressive to their own.

Dr. Mead concentrated on the few thousand fisher-folk of the coast, a people who lived in houses mounted on poles at the sea's edge. Their culture was distinctive, strong and original, beautifully adapted to the water-life, and as the canoes sped along with their laughing crews, one had the impression of free animal gaiety. This was not as simple as it appeared. Primitive life is a prison. The laughter was not spontaneous; it came from pairs of "laughing cousins"; it was authorised:

> A boy or a man might jest with his father's sister, and with her husband and her son and her daughter and her daughter's husband and these persons in turn were expected to jest with him. Between such joking relatives the tensions of a people who were both actively lustful and obsessively puritanical could be temporarily resolved. The ghosts—and each house had its own guardian Sir Ghost, the spirit of the most recently dead male—punished all obscenity, even the lightest, except for such joking as that occurring between the proper relatives.

> The women's costumes might be striking but the sense of tightness, of weight and of lack of buoyancy with which they were worn was confirmed when we learned that all the more conspicuous ornaments—those elaborate bead aprons, those big-beaded squares which hung under the arms, the long pendant dogs' teeth falling from the nose, the black upper-arm bracelets edged with bright beads—were all either money or mourning packets or supports for the bones or the hair of the dead. So the bride was dressed from head to foot in money, over each item of which the bridegroom's relatives would quarrel shrilly and vituperatively. . . . Every feast day the bodies of the women bristled with bones of the dead whose funeral payments were not yet complete.

The water babies of New Guinea were far from being careless children of nature. Missionaries who spoke with horror of their "sensuality" had not observed them closely enough to see that sex was associated with anger and dislike, not pleasure. (When the New Way was instituted, after the war, the attraction of illicit love seemed to be that one need not get into a repellent temper of jealousy in order to copulate; one could love without sex!) The Manus were, in fact, Puritans, and that, perhaps, made them rapidly responsive to modern Western ideas. Practical, quick to understand machines, hardy, disciplined from childhood, prudish and cleanly in physical functions, fanatically industrious, conscience-driven, competitive, enslaved by their preoccupation with trade, work and money, they were half-way to modern life. As they played their ukeleles, they might seem gay, but they were at heart censorious and insensitive. They recognised that shouting anger and violence were their besetting vices. An odd attraction was the power they gave their children; it puzzled Dr. Mead to know how children who were allowed to be family despots were so suddenly turned into unrebellious slaves. Her answer is elaborate; but, briefly, it can be said that the young were incorporated suddenly, on the shock principle, into the adult system of shame and anger—sexual shame in marriage to an unknown, unnamed person one disliked, in the economic interest of his own or her older relatives. The chief respite from intolerable pressure appears to have been the outburst of mystical religion. The Manus were subject to "cargo cults"; a prophet would arise and tell the people to throw all their possessions into the sea, because God was sending a ship full of all the things they could possibly want. The American armies had, indeed, been just such a cargo.

It must be repeated that the people of Manus live by fishing, not by the land. I do not know whether anthropologists allow a common psychology to fisher-folk; but as I read, I was struck by resemblances between fishermen of Cornwall, Grimsby, Hull, the Calabrian and many other fishing communities and the people of Manus. The angry nights of shouting in Verga's novels, the passion for gambling, the Biblical expectations of miraculous hauls, the Puritan revivalism, the revolutionary and political adventurousness, seem to be very common if not universal. The Manus were predisposed to the remarkable changes Dr. Mead describes. Catholicism had thrown out the Sir Ghosts, a "cargo cult" and native political revolution under a gifted leader had thrown out Catholicism, and replaced it by "the New Way".

How had changes affected the daily life of the village Dr. Mead had known 25 years before? They had moved its site. The houses were nearer together, squared like a military chess board. This made it noisier but there was a difference in the noises. Laughter was now spontaneous and not confined to joking relatives. People were shouted at by name now the name taboo had gone. Husbands, wives and mothers and fathers could meet and greet one another without shame or prohibition. They wore European clothes and scrupulously washed them. A great joy had been to learn the European habit of working to time; leisure had appeared. There were committees and meetings and votes which people seemed to take a serious pleasure in. The noisy lullaby, rising with the baby's scream, was now mixed at night with the laughter of the gambling teams or the strumming of the ukeleles; but there was no beating and shouting to the "ghosts" to return the "soul stuff" to the dying. Gay music had replaced the chants for the dead and there was less anger. The preoccupation with anger is peculiar. The Manus seem to have been impelled to it as to a major vice and to have reacted as violently against it. In the New Way, anger is feared because it is contagious. It is, in any case, a primitive form of expression: natural to slums where the power to brawl is considered honest or virtuous. The Manus have their own difficulties here. D. H. Lawrence would have sided with the casuist of the New Way, who was heard raging at someone who had offended him and who explained that he was expressing his rage outwardly lest it stay inside him and go bad. The anger of the Manus is chiefly aroused in sexual questions; they appear to find their pleasure in hatred and provocation, to think of sex in terms of rape and lovelessness and to exploit every item of flaunting and derisive jealousy. The pleasures of a peaceful love have dawned, it seems, only in some of the advanced. And the lot of the advanced is not easy in a community that is self-conscious about its external modernity. Manus seems always to have had a high proportion of runaway wives; but now there is nowhere for them to run to. The hospitality of one or two enlightened citizens has been strained. Another pacific character was unable to leave his

* *New Lives for Old.* By Margaret Mead. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

house because he was being used as an amateur banker, too kind to say "no" and liable to be disturbed every hour or two by people coming in to see he had still got their money. Manus will not be liveable as a modern community until it has a bank, a store and an inn.

The transitions, as Dr. Mead's immensely detailed study makes clear, have been made, but life is far from having been filled in. The older generation, with their long memories of different dispensations, are tolerant; the younger, who have no such memories, are dogmatic, rigid and disinclined for what is new. Dr. Mead sees an interesting American parallel:

> Such a type of rigidity is to be found very often in the second generations of those who emigrate from their own country to another country, and it is echoed in the American dependence on law and legislation to make the world good . . . and in our continuing belief that we can make the world into our image, with an over-insistence on doing it by blue prints of the good life.

The young men in Manus who entered the movement in adolescence are vain of the blue print and the least prepared to carry on its spirit. And there, for these remote islands, which have lived through the startling visitations of the last 25 years, lies one of the chief difficulties. Are they treating the experience as a form of "cargo cult", the dogmatic solution of all difficulties; closing their society to the outside world and preparing to enter a period of stagnation? Dr. Mead, as this question shows, belongs, thank heaven, to the open, liberal, humanist tradition, and her book is a valuable contribution to it. In only one major respect is she displeased with the Manus adventure. The old religion, the Sir Ghost cult, was adequate in the old culture; in the new one, the new distorted Christianity, she thinks, is a bad fit.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Ballade to Celebrate a Dinner

In the clang, throng, acid half-dark of the fall
Of night, I wait to meet him at the station,
And stand under the clock's white lingering dial.
Each year he comes to town on just this mission:
A feast without excuse for celebration
Except itself. Beside the tranced express
We greet and cheer, clasp hands and jeer at schism:
Years go by smoothly and our years grow less.

Then, dodging taxis, and a drink, a meal.
The waiter grins, he knows the annual rhythm.
Like a sheer bubble blown, a fine glass shell,
The talk grows rich, flowers out its animation
As clear and full and colourful as a prism:
Yet all its flowers stem from one paradox
That says what may be dream or may be vision:
Years go by smoothly and our years grow less.

Chattering old men (' black tie '): a magpie shall
Do for our badge. We look for no quiet garden
Out of the wind, no sheltered maundering lull,
We choose a brisk drying-green where bits of linen
Ragged or patched, can be pegged up scrap-fashion,
And rattle in the breeze: through that riotousness
Alone we trace our pure and formal pattern
(Years go by smoothly and our years grow less) . . .

But find . . . the train goes out. We wave. Blank morning
Light, a blank crowd, blank clock-face, all confess
The double meaning in our one equation:—
Years go by smoothly; and our years grow less.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

The Poet and the Parachute

Ancestral Voices. By VINH THAÏ. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

"I look upon writing as a luxury," the author of this strange and original book said to me, though it was several years ago now. When, subsequently, I read the book, I saw what he must have meant: to write, for Vinh Thaï, was no more than one of the elegant accomplishments: the true business of life, and the true art, remained "living" itself. Anyhow, for Vinh Thaï, half French, half Chinese, writing was an adornment, a panel of a painting to be unrolled with thin, mandarin fingers, the heavens first disclosing themselves, then clouds, a mountain peak, more clouds, rain, crevasses, pine trees, wind, the huge wet landscape with its valleys and its rivers. "Every turn of the path," he tells us, "reveals an unexpected glimpse of the landscape, a vista, a monument or object, a human being! I walked about with all the excitement of someone playing among the decorative hazards of mahjong." A human being? Dotted about this Chinese scene would be little people, in fields or on a mountain ledge. Some would be standing behind the blazoned shields of embassies, others would peep from the window of a hut or trot in Indian file under the huge cart-wheels of their hats. The identities of all these people mattered in the same sense as the identity of the east wind mattered, or the course of the Yangtse Kiang river that spread before Vinh Thaï in a series of abstract horizontals. We are offered perspectives in which "human beings exist simply as part of a pattern . . ."—the cosmic pattern.

They are given names, these humans, it is true: sometimes their own, but very often names as symbols—the Hermit, the Pasha, the Princess, Miss Mischief, Turkey (for the Turkish Ambassador "to the brilliant and echoing courts of Marshal Tchang Kai Chek"), or Iran, for Turkey's Persian colleague. And amongst these foreign devils flutter the Chinese themselves, in and out of the scene, like the movement of their own little fans in the heavy water-laden air. It is splendid as well as touching, and often gently humorous. Vinh Thaï evokes his landscape with figures with an uncanny skill.

It is no part of the author's purpose to develop any of his characters into a fully-rounded creature with a present and a future, and most of what he allows us to know about each of them is conveyed to us, in the past tense, in the anecdotes they recount. It is as if they were being kept from any real contact with us, just as Vinh Thaï seems to have kept himself from them: but as the book proceeds he himself comes to life for us—to the life of his own, in the historic-present tense, that excluded his companions and was in consequence a source of comment and irritation amongst them. "Anything one does on one's own," he remarks, "is inexcusable, unless one makes a success of it."

The story is simple enough. A French secret-service mission arrives in Chungking in August, 1943. Its members, trained in Algiers with the Free French, are to be parachuted into Japanese-occupied Indo-China to make contact with the Annamite resistance. Vinh Thaï is a member of this mission—but to his deep distress he is taken out of it and made to remain in Chungking, doing radio propaganda to Indo-China instead.

That is the story, very briefly. And this is the background to it. Vinh Thaï is a scion of a Chinese family of great antiquity. Their name appears in The Book of the Hundred Families and is found in a manuscript of the seventh century B.C. Relatively recent forebears were driven from north China in the seventeenth century. They took refuge in Indo-China, on the banks of the Mekong river. In the early years of this century, Vinh Thaï's father, then a young bachelor, paid a visit to France and was enchanted by what he saw. But "enchanted" is too enfeebled a word: he was bewitched by France and all she stood for. He met and married a Frenchwoman from Alsace and carried her triumphantly back to the Mekong, and amongst his papers was the little diary he had kept of his visit to France. It has a naive beauty, a new world opening up for this young, noble, elegant and spellbound Chinese. There were two sons of the marriage. The father sent them back to France for their education and there they remained till they were men and old enough to fight in World War II, which had by now started.

So when Vinh Thaï came with his parachute to China in 1943, it was for the first time, and he was bewitched by the country of his ancestors, just as his father had once been by France. His book describes the experience in prose that at times is almost poetry. He has the intellect of a cultivated Frenchman, but the sensibility (as Mr. Raymond Mortimer remarks in his foreword) is Chinese. Far Eastern, too, is the overt pleasure Vinh Thaï can take in his talents or in his ancestry or in any of the other agreeable gifts that providence has bestowed upon him, including his share in China's tremendous cultural heritage. Is there, perhaps, to English ears, a certain naivety—even, as some may think, a hint of "bad form"—in his little boasting? We should be honest and remind ourselves that "modesty" in the sense that Vinh Thaï may seem to lack it—or even false modesty, for that matter—is a purely Western social attitude, an attitude that the Chinese would find ridiculous, if not frankly hypocritical. In China a man is not bound by Western conventions, and this is essentially a Chinese world that we are observing through Vinh Thaï's Chinese eyes.

There is no doubt about the sincerity of this book, nor about its distinction. Mr. Kirkup, himself a poet, should be congratulated, too, on his beautifully-managed translation. It could not have been an easy task to render into English the strange, elusive atmosphere of Vinh Thaï's original text. I know, because it crossed my mind to try a translation myself some time ago.

PETER MAYNE

Prodigal's Return

An Historian's Approach to Religion. By ARNOLD TOYNBEE. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Reading Professor Toynbee's latest book, I was reminded of an essay by Nietzsche. Reviewing Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, he attacked the pseudo-objectivity of the scientific school of historians and reached the paradoxical conclusion that Plutarch's *Lives* is the best history ever written because its author was a self-confessed moralist, who admitted that his aim was to set before the reader examples of noble action.

If—which is unlikely—you accept Nietzsche's definition of a good historian, then Professor Toynbee is justified in calling the published version of his Gifford Lectures *An Historian's Approach to Religion*. But I doubt whether many of his colleagues accept Plutarch as their model. Their purpose is not to improve our morals but to record and, if possible, to explain events—and so was Toynbee's when he began his *Study of History* a generation ago. A scholar of Winchester and Balliol before World War I, he was brought up to believe that Hellas is the school of true statesmanship and Germany of true scholarship. Thanks to his quite undue respect for Teutonic theorising, he set out to discover a single, all-embracing hypothesis, under which he could classify historical phenomena, inter-relate them in time and space and so discover their inner meaning. The hypothesis he chose was that civilisations are the correct object of historical study and conform to laws which determine their growth and decay. But, since Spenglerism was both too materialist and too pessimistic for an Oxford humanist, he combined

this grand hypothesis with a whole cluster of sub-hypotheses about the motives and goals of human endeavour, which permitted him to make the Higher Religions the apex of his grand design.

As *A Study of History* grew over the decades, a transformation took place. The main hypothesis—riddled with academic objections—was still stubbornly preserved as a vast and ever more clumsy scaffolding. But inside it the sub-hypotheses became an almost separate building, of which *An Historian's Approach to Religion* is the top story. Today the superhistorian, with his vast apparatus of pseudo-scientific scholarship, has become a latter-day Plutarch. In his old age, history has become for Arnold Toynbee not a subject of scientific study but an Authority. Observe, for instance, his use of historical examples. He selects them to prove a point, in much the same way as a preacher at St. Mary's used to quote St. Paul or a Balliol philosopher Plato's *Republic*. "If you don't accept my opinion," he seems to be saying, "here are seven places where History has declared in my favour."

Does this mean that *An Historian's Approach to Religion* is a silly or uninteresting book? Not at all. Strip away the apparatus of Teutonic scholarship—of which Toynbee himself is obviously tired—and you discover a mind no less interesting than that of T. H. Green, H. A. L. Fisher or A. D. Lindsay—to quote three men who, in three successive generations, shaped the mind of Oxford and, through it, of the British public service. Toynbee is a fascinating study because he has preserved into our quite different age the pattern of intellectual values which helped to make the British Empire humane in its decline. Where else but in Britain could a scholar piously espouse the cause of Faith while ridiculing the creeds and rituals of every particular faith? Where else could he carefully tabulate the common characteristics of the seven higher religions, giving marks to each and top marks to one kind of Buddhism? Where else could he reach the conclusion that what we require to save us from nuclear destruction is a World State, which may have to restrict other kinds of human freedom but which must be persuaded to guarantee freedom of worship, so that the adherents of the seven higher religions are assured consumers' choice?

Ridiculous, you say. But this is only another example of that strange mixture of common sense and muddled metaphysics on which a couple of thousand devoted Indian civil servants reflected while they successfully ruled a sub-continent. Judged by our present academic standards, the pupils of Green, Fisher and Lindsay were antediluvians, who could write moralising essays on Plato's doctrine of the soul and Pericles's statesmanship because they were never subjected to the disciplines of modern philosophical analysis and modern historical method. Yet these academic characters from before the flood possessed something their successors notably lack—that astonishing amalgam of high principle in general and scepticism in particular; of obedience to authority and personal initiative; of shrewd practical conclusions buttressed with shaky metaphysics, which is the essence of the British philosophical tradition. That tradition can be summed up in two words—empiricism and toleration—a readiness to submit dogma to the test of experience and a conviction that, though authority must be respected, minorities are the salt of a conformist society. This, in fact, is the pattern of that Civil Government which Locke first portrayed and which has remained our ideal of the free society ever since.

And now the most talented and wayward of all the prodigal sons has returned home after a riotous life in alien lands. For what Professor Toynbee recommends in this book is nothing else but a revival of this Lockesian tradition as an antidote to the wars of ideology which threaten to destroy twentieth-century civilisation. Far the most valuable part of this book is the series of lengthy Annexes, in which he reminds us of the role played by John Locke, Thomas Sprat and other seventeenth-century writers in dissipating the mental climate of the wars of religion and inaugurating the age of toleration. They were not academics, propounding a new discipline, but amateur men of learning. They were not iconoclasts, eager to substitute a perfect for an imperfect human society, but moderate men, anxious only to save society from further self-destruction. If only, they suggested, men would humbly apply their minds to the useful task of understanding and mastering Nature, this would distract them from the attempt to convert each other by torture and war. Toleration of the infidel and a willingness to submit even Christian dogma to verification were, in their eyes, the marks of true Christianity as well as of Civil Government. So they espoused scientific scepticism in order to save the churches from schism, and they advocated toleration as staunch upholders of the Establishment.

Of course, the consequences of the philosophical revolution they began were far more momentous than any of them expected. Of course, their muddleheadedness can be exposed by any undergraduate—and so can Arnold Toynbee's. But maybe Toynbee's old-fashioned remedy for our present discontents will prove as practical as Locke's 300 years ago. Certainly I can think of no better contribution which the British universities and churches could make to this world of conflicting dogma and intolerant power politics than to revive the tradition of toleration and devotion to the pursuit of human happiness, which is Britain's unique contribution to Western civilisation.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

New editions recently published include F. W. Bateson's *Wordsworth, a Re-Interpretation* (Longmans, 25s.) with a new preface answering some of the criticisms made on the original publication; Thomas Bodkin's *Hugh Lane and his Pictures* (Arts Council, Dublin, 15s.); Raymond Postgate's *That Devil Wilkes* (Dobson, 25s.) and M. Nicholson's *Manual of American Copyright Practice* (Oxford, 45s.).

General

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Secker & Warburg

Willie and the Beast

The Magician. By W. Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

You might have thought Aleister Crowley would have been a gift to Mr. Maugham. The Beast, you feel, should have impressed him as the Hairless Mexican impressed Ashenden, like "a purple patch on two legs". For Crowley, however ludicrous his mumbo-jumbo, however nasty some of his tricks, was a person of very varied attainments.

His physique alone deserves to be celebrated by a congress of typologists. He was almost certainly an example of one of Sheldon's cases of physical over-endowment with a correspondingly overloaded temperament. The combination of athleticism and degeneracy which he displays must be unique. In youth he was a brilliant mountain-climber who could dash up a perpendicular rock face like a human fly. In middle-age his capacity for the absorption of huge quantities of the strongest liquor and tobacco, the richest food on the menu, and the most dangerous drugs in the pharmacopoeia, was almost unlimited. He lived to the age of seventy-three on a regime that would have killed many people in a few days. Mentally, too, he was versatile: magic apart, he was a fine chess player, a very minor poet, a humorist with a strong line in the grotesque. He could be a thundering bore, but right up to the end of his life he could also be very agreeable company if he were in the mood, and had been able to stoke up with enough ether, heroin, oysters, steak tartare, cognac and latakia. Then there is the question of his fascination for women—and not all his consorts were demented or ill-favoured—and the final problem of how to classify him: how much was he psychopath, and how much charlatan? Surely there would have been rich material here.

Unfortunately Mr. Maugham met Crowley too early, when he himself was still under some of the sillier Ninetyish influences, before maturing into the genial humanist of *The Circle*, *The Outstation*, and *Cakes and Ale*. *The Magician*, which is the novel he wrote in 1907 about Crowley under the name of Oliver Haddo, is an unabashed occult thriller, a genre for which there was a distinct Edwardian vogue. It ends in a ludicrous psychic free-for-all in the mage's lab, where Haddo has been making homunculi. How could the staunch young materialist so recently qualified from St. Thomas's have brought himself to pen such a farrago? One can only suppose there was some powerful unconscious symbolism at work. The book, however, remains quite readable in spite of the absurdity, and quite undistinguished. The plot turns on how Haddo, in revenge for a verbal slight from a prim surgeon, captivates, marries, debauches and finally destroys, his artist fiancée. It might have been written by Robert Hichens or any one of half a dozen Mudies library novelists of the period. Mr. Maugham is under no illusions about its merits today. In the preface to this new edition he gives a tantalisingly brief account of his meeting Crowley with Gerald Kelly, Arnold Bennett, and Clive Bell in Montparnasse, and shows perfectly clear insight into the true nature of Crowley, who later tried to touch him with a telegram: "Please send twenty-five pounds at once. Mother of God and I starving. Aleister Crowley." But it is slightly distressing to find that even now Mr. Maugham is still harping on having "never regained" his membership of the intelligentsia since he became "a popular writer of light comedies". For his services to literature, as an *amende* for the very unfair treatment given him not so long ago by Edmund Wilson, and in spite of *The Magician* and one or two other lapses from the highest cerebral plane, let us agree to nominate him the literary intellectual of the month.

Maurice Richardson

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RUSSIA WITHOUT STALIN: The Emerging Pattern

The Observer correspondent and renowned authority on Russian affairs, Edward Crankshaw, recently returned from the U.S.S.R. In this topical and very important book he records his impressions of the new Soviet leaders, and of life in Russia since Stalin's death. Book Society Recommendation.

Illustrated with Russian cartoons

Monday next 18/-

MICHAEL JOSEPH

Feeble Despot

Louis XV. By G. P. Gooch. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

After his appreciative biographies of Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa and Catherine the Great, Dr. Gooch completes the tally of benevolent despotism in the eighteenth century with a study of Louis XV, the feeblest despot of them all, for whom he can hardly find a good word to say. Louis XV became King of France as a baby; and he ruled as absolute monarch over his subjects for 59 years in the state of mind of a rather petulant child. He was weak, selfish, incompetent, and at the same time timid and complacent. In fact, he was everything that Dr. Gooch conceives that an absolute monarch ought not to be. He had no sense of royal duty whatever. "*C'est le vide qui règne*" wrote one of his courtiers after long years of bitter experience; and we know that nature abhors a vacuum as vehemently as does Dr. Gooch. The French Revolution and Napoleon were accordingly predestined to fill the gap. *The Monarchy in Decline* is the sub-title of the book; and this veteran historian makes it clear that, in his view, if a more efficient king had ruled France for those 59 years neither of those calamities need have ensued.

Such a wild surmise is hardly warranted by Dr. Gooch's own careful analysis of the chronic misgovernment of France during the eighteenth century. (Righteous indignation may benefit a biographer but is a bad counsellor to an historian, as the sad case of Macaulay goes to show.) The whole system was at fault by the time Louis inherited the throne; and it is unreasonable to denounce the feeble engineer who was put in charge of such a rotten machine. It was Louis XIV who invented it; and even before his death the top-heavy administration had almost collapsed from its structural defects. All authority was vested in the king, but power was dispersed. The nobles gripped their privileges, the clergy were entrenched in their separate estate, the bourgeoisie held the purse-strings, and the peasants had a grudge against everyone. No wonder the ship of state was forever on the point of turning turtle. Louis XV deserves some little credit perhaps for keeping it afloat during his lifetime. "There is no answer to the charge that he let his country down" is Dr. Gooch's uncompromising verdict. But the country was already down; Louis just sat on its head comfortably to prevent it getting up.

For his account of Louis XV's character Dr. Gooch has copious sources to draw on. At the Bourbon Court the king spent his entire life in public, and every trifling event found a record in the journals and memoirs assiduously kept by the courtiers. Yet the composite portrait to be garnered from these innumerable documents is singularly dim in Louis XV's case. Not a spark of true individuality is thrown out: "*Après moi le déluge*" would have been helpful had the king been capable of such wit; but he never uttered the remark and it is quite out of his lackadaisical character. The king was either unspeakably dull or the courtiers blinded by their own self-interest. An inch of St. Simon, had he lived in a later age, would be worth an ell of D'Argenson, Luynes, the President Hénault and the rest of them. Dr. Gooch quotes freely from his authorities, translating from the French as he goes; and the pettiness of their courtiers' minds stands plainly revealed in the text. Incidentally, translation, although it may be obligatory in this illiterate age, holds pitfalls for the unwary. On page 158, when Louis informs a lady that he does not wish his bastard child by her to be registered in his name. "I wish him to be called Louis Aimé, son of *Louis the King*" makes nonsense. Louis *Leroy* expresses the fatherly intention.

In one department of life, however, Louis XV was anything but a nonentity. His sexual potency was phenomenal. He exhausted his wife and Mme de Pompadour, he kept his private harem in the Parc aux Cerfs busy for 20 years, and he only abandoned the idea of further intercourse with Mme Du Barry when at the point of death. He is credited with twenty bastards, not that he cared for begetting children. Many titillating books have been composed, generally in French, to do honour to this astonishing virility. But this volume will never rank as one of them. The distasteful subject is, indeed, not shirked and surprisingly little moral reprobation is invoked. But that a miserably weak king should be a remarkably strong man does not redeem him in the eyes of Dr. Gooch.

Ralph Partridge

Snow: Major Read Ahead!

Homecomings. By C. P. Snow. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Home from the Sea. By Jean Reverzy. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

Extinction Bomber. By S. B. Hough. *Bodley Head.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Till We Have Faces. By C. S. Lewis. *Geoffrey Bles.* 15*s.*

Owing to my friends' enthusiastic recommendation of C. P. Snow, I'd never before read any of his books. If, then, you quail as I do at the prospect of embarking on a *roman-fleuve* ten or eleven volumes long, I can maybe encourage you by endorsing the publisher's claim that *Homecomings* is a novel in its own right. You may be foxed or tickled by casual references to an offstage "Roy Calvert"; but you'll not have the awkward feeling of having strayed into a party at which you know only the host. The introductions are made deftly, unobtrusively: the whole thing hangs together: it can be judged on its own terms.

What terms are those? The words "solid", "workmanlike", "skilful" spring to mind, perhaps to mask a sharper word—"old-fashioned". This is a novel, *pace* Mr. Forster, that tells a story, the story of a successful Civil Servant, just before, during, and after World War II. His first

wife, unbalanced, kills herself; he lives alone, wins a mistress, but loses her through diffidence and inner coldness; later, when she's married, he meets her again, takes her from her doctor-husband, sets up the home he longed for, begets a son of his own whose life is saved by husband No. I. All this is told in a comfortable, patient style, adroitly weaving in and out, cutting from scene to scene with a kind of leisurely tenseness: Trollope, it might be, re-written by Robert Penn Warren. The characters inhabit a Trollope world, a man's world of power in high places, clubs, dinner-parties, political manoeuvring; and while the marital problems are deeply and movingly explored, the women seemed to me to take second place, decorative screens for the projection of their men's emotions. This may, of course, be accurate reporting of a world familiar in Whitehall and Westminster: inverted pastoral, if you like. But it seemed to me to limit Dr. Snow's achievement. However, its intrigues and power-politics are exposed in masterly fashion, and within its limits it provides a subtle and oblique commentary on the world of the New Right. Technically, beyond a tendency to cram down everything, it can hardly be faulted: it has the obsessive readability only attained by an author who's chronicling a day-dream rather than confecting a novel. Now, I look forward with relish to devouring the rest of the saga and maybe revising my judgment.

After *Homecomings*, Jean Reverzy's novel is heavier going, but in places more rewarding. Translated with near-perfect fluency by Edward Hyams, it describes a very different homecoming —the return from Polynesia of a gutted wreck of a man, a Breton who'd settled as a kind of French Outcast of the Islands, Gauguin without his art, hotel-keeping in the sweaty, corrupting beauty and squalor of Raiatea, less than a hundred miles from Tahiti. This is Greene-land with a vengeance. In private life M. Reverzy is a practising doctor, and his whole book reeks with fascinated disgust, the disgust of a clean, fit man among the dirty and diseased. Not a very attractive emotion, but compelling and hypnotic in a way that Dr. Snow's brilliant common sense just misses. I almost wearied of the unrelieved sleaziness, the recurrent stressing of Polynesian easy-virtue: but I emerged sodden and shaken, as from a boiling hot bath. As a faint hint of M. Reverzy's insight, try this sentence, on the sad clutter of seaside holiday-makers:

> The mothers, seated before their beach tents, legs exposed to the air, chattered and knitted; the men, in their cruel disguise of coloured blazers, striped silk squares and white trousers, paced the sand or wandered along the low cliffs.

Boredom in a nutshell: "A holiday is one long Sunday." Grouchy and exaggerated, sure; but it hits a truth.

Extinction Bomber is a beguiling, faintly pretentious, and strictly fugitive tract for the times by a gentleman who writes thrillers and science fiction under two separate pen-names, but destroys their presumed *raison d'être* by revealing them in this book's prelims. A thoughtful flying ace is sent off in peacetime (November 11th, 1957) to demolish a single target, a Soviet war-factory threatening to give Russia an unbeatable lead in any arms race. One colossal bomb may stave off the danger, or plunge the world into unimaginable disaster. Problem: what should ace do? His not to reason why? Ah, but I told you he was thoughtful; and this, by heaven, is a novel. Moral tension; SF know-how; thrills, suspense, *Flare Path* wifie fidgeting below. Even here there are moments of profundity—and the aim of the book, no doubt, is admirable. But it saddens me to see so frightful, so real a theme treated with such poverty of spirit.

Finally, Professor C. S. Lewis. What a wealth of non-scholarly (not unscholarly) books he has to his name! And what a strange mental world they seem to reveal! This latest is, I suppose, a novel: but even its title should warn you that it's nothing comparable with Dr. Snow's sustained sequence. Basically, it's a re-telling of the

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HAMISH HAMILTON

Psyche-and-Cupid myth as recounted by Apuleius; but it re-interprets the story in subjective, psychological terms, partly by putting it into the mouth of Orual, an ugly woman, and partly by changing the supposed character of Psyche herself. The story's flavour, moreover, is as remote as possible from the tangy seasoning of Apuleius: it now has an archaic, awed simplicity, a barbaric, fearful manner, hinting, perhaps, at recent revisions of the classical world-picture. But my guess is that private fantasy, nourished by the fell influence of the late Charles Williams, had the biggest hand in the confection of this weird brew. Frankly, I found it hard to stomach, with its "city of Glome", its "house of Ungit", its king "Trom", and its nurse "Batta." But many people, I'm sure, will greatly enjoy so bizarre an excursion beyond the frontiers of Professor Lewis's dreams.

RICHARD MAYNE

The Case of the Reluctant Claimant

The Greer Case. By DAVID W. PECK. *Cassell.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

On April 21, 1947, Mr. Harold Segur sat in the Surrogate's Court in New York City. He was a quiet family man, respectable, unambitious—and the rather reluctant claimant to half a million dollars. Some months before, indeed, he had simply signed away any claim to the estate rather than attract public attention to the fact that he was probably the illegitimate son of Mrs. Greer, a rich widow who had chosen to leave her money to Harvard. When, despite the assurances of the lawyer who represented the estate, the press had got hold of his story, he had brought suit, feeling no doubt that he might as well try for the money now that everyone in his town of Worcester knew that there was some mystery about his origins.

To make good his claim, Mr. Segur had to prove that he was the son of Mabel Greer by Willard Segur, the doctor who had in fact legally adopted him and brought him up. Against him were ranged the lawyers for the estate, and the lawyer who represented the Public Administrator. The first had to prove that he was not the son of Mrs. Greer, and that her will in favour of Harvard was valid. The role of the second lawyer was more complicated. If Mr. Segur proved his point, half the money would be his: if he could also prove that Mrs. Greer was not competent when she made the will he might secure it all. But if Mr. Segur's case fell, then the Public Administrator's office might itself try to upset the will and claim the estate for the state of New York. This lawyer, moreover, worked on a commission basis. Should the money go to Harvard or to Mr. Segur, he would receive only a small fee. But if he could either upset the will or find another successful claimant to the estate, then he would be entitled to a substantial payment.

This complex and fascinating story might well provide a background for Ellery Queen or Perry Mason, and Judge Peck has selected the relevant evidence and presented it in such clear terms that the thread of the case is never lost. It would have been easy to confuse the reader: Mrs. Greer herself was never very direct or accurate in her recollections. She was a girl of low social station, who had had an illegitimate child sometime in the 1880s. She had married a rich man, and her past had been wiped out. With all the principals dead, and with Mrs. Greer's own frequent changes of name and residence before her marriage, it was almost impossible to reconstruct Mr. Segur's biography with any conviction that it was right. The evidence about Mrs. Greer's real age, for instance, was contradictory, and yet it was crucial to the case. Her own comments about her lost son—there was a chance for a second Tichborne case here if only a claimant had come forward between the death of Mr. Greer and the later death of his wife—were equally obscure. Had she told anyone that Dr. Segur had adopted the boy *before* she read of Dr. Segur's death in the newspapers and noticed that he had left an adopted son? Had she told friends the truth in saying she had left her boy with the Irish woman who was in charge of the nursing home where the child was born? And was *she* telling the truth?

A fairly convincing case can be made for the unfortunate Mr. Segur, who was living peacefully enough—slightly anxious, it is true, about his parentage—before that day in August, 1946, when he was told that he might be, probably was, a missing heir. No one can accuse him of gold-digging. And though it would be unfair to reveal the astonishing end to this affair, two questions remain unanswered by Mr. Peck. Why was no search made of birth records in the name of Segur in the Boston district, when lawyers were spending much time and money trying to track down the much more shadowy figure of Addie Weston—who might have been Harold Segur's mother? And does the evidence wholly bear out the finding of the court? There is one very specific remark made by Mrs. Greer—one of the very few which she did not confuse or obscure on other occasions—which strongly suggests that Dr. Willard Segur knew what he was talking about when he told his adopted son to remember that blood is thicker than water. Perhaps Dr. Segur himself was deceived—almost anything will seem possible to the reader of this extraordinary case. But, as books of this kind should, this leaves one with a delicious feeling of uncertainty.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Chinese Caxtons

The Invention of Printing in China and its Spread Westwards. By T. F. CARTER. *Ronald Press (New York).* $10.

Those who occupy themselves with Chinese studies often have to explain to their friends that contrary to a common belief they do not work much with manuscripts. For printing began in China in the ninth century A.D. (not the fifteenth as in Europe), and, since the fragile medium of paper had already been in general use for seven centuries, by far the greatest part of Chinese literature is either printed or lost. Tom Carter's book, now enlarged by Carrington Goodrich so as to include all the latest discoveries, remains the model monograph on such a subject. Carter was a relief worker and missionary in China for some twenty years, before and during the first world war. Like many of his colleagues he was converted "in reverse," as it were, and devoted the rest of his life to the best kind of sinology.

For the travel of paper, Carter was able to establish a whole series of way-stations between China and the West. The original invention by Ts'ai Lun was in A.D. 105, and the earliest extant paper is indeed of about that date. But the crucial time of transmission was 751 when the Arabs captured Chinese paper-makers in Central Asia; after that, paper was being made in Baghdad in 793, Spain in 1150, Italy in 1276, Germany in 1391 and England in 1494. The new edition might have enlarged a little more on a kind of proto-paper called *hsi-t'i* made by beating out matted waste floss silk in water. This seems to have started as early as the fourth century B.C. By using mainly other fibres (paper-mulberry bark, ramie, hemp), Ts'ai Lun produced what was decisively paper and not a kind of thin silk "felt."

China's Gutenberg was Fêng Tao, a high official who in 953 A.D. completed the first printed version of the Chinese classics. Thirty years later the Buddhist patrology was also in print, and after another thirty the printing of the Chinese dynastic histories began. But Fêng was neither the first printer known to us, nor the first patron. The first printer whose name we know was Lei Yen-Mei, who appears as artisan on a text of 947; the first patron we can point to was Wang Chieh who ordered the printing of the *Diamond Sutra* of 868. If we include block prints not made into books it was the Japanese empress Shotoku with her one million

printed charms, struck off and distributed in 770. But experiments with stamps and blocks in Buddhist and Taoist abbeys in China were certainly going on in the previous century. These had doubtless several sources of inspiration such as official seals, magic tallies, and rubbings of texts carved in stone.

Although Carter always emphasised, quite rightly, the great role played by religious motives in the earliest phases of the printer's art, it is a striking fact that of our earliest literary mentions all three have some connection with sciences or proto-sciences. In A.D. 835 it was a question of forbidding the block-printing of unauthorised calendars, and in 883 the bookstalls which Liu P'ien used to frequent at Ch'êng-tu on his off days sold works on geomancy, astrology, and Yin-Yang nature-philosophy. Most interesting is the distribution of "off-prints" by an alchemist about 850:

> Hokan Chi, the president (of a certain civil service board), had given more than fifteen years' arduous study to the cinnabar of the dragon and tiger (*i.e.*, alchemy). When he was in charge on the right bank of the Yangtze he sent invitations to a large number of adepts (to come and confer with him). He composed a biography of Liu Hung, and had several thousand copies of it printed, which he sent to those who whether at court or up and down the country devoted themselves to alchemical studies.

Here is one of the first shoots of that tree of printed scientific literature which has now attained such colossal proportions.

As for movable type, it was Pi Shêng in A.D. 1045 who made the first "fount." The pieces were of earthenware, but later on cast metals (tin and even zinc) were used, and we have a detailed description of a wooden "fount" by Wang Chen in 1313. The best were Korean, and of bronze, perhaps from 1241 onwards, certainly from 1392. But while the travel of paper is so clearly discernible, that of printing is quite obscure. One can hardly doubt that the image block-prints and playing-cards which Europe began to produce towards the end of the fourteenth century derived from Chinese antecedents, but there is no proof. Nor is there positive evidence that the invention of Gutenberg in the fifteenth was so derived. Nevertheless, the circumstances, the long priority of the art in China, the known journeys and contacts of merchants and missionaries, compel the conclusion that there was a transference of at least the ideas and principles concerned. Another Chinese technique (cast iron and blast-furnaces) appears in Europe just at the same time. Gunpowder and clockwork had reached the west only a century earlier.

It is to be hoped that this new edition will quickly be sold out. A fascinating story will thus be more widely known, and in a third there will be opportunity to repair certain deficiencies of the present book. The stimulating map should be restored, the figures numbered and attached to the appropriate places in the text, and the Chinese characters, at present haphazardly selected, given in a more adequate list. Such changes would bring the work to a rare height, and make it not only a valuable research tool but at the same time a highly readable and exciting account of the rise of one of the most fundamental of all human cultural inventions.

JOSEPH NEEDHAM

Vashti

Rachel. By JOANNA RICHARDSON. *Reinhardt.* 21*s.*

The fictional minxes, the Scarletts and Ambers and Emmas and Katrinas, who once preponderated in books written by and for women, seem to have had their day. Since *The Wilder Shores of Love*, the fashion is all for truth, and preferably for the nineteenth century, since it is now pretty generally accepted in the lending libraries that the Golden Age of Woman ended, rather than began, when Ibsen's Nora slammed the door. The competition for subjects is intense, giving rise, no doubt, to agonising uncertainties and suspicions. Has Lesley got her eye on Mrs. Bloomer? Is Cecil (ah, these misleading Christian names!) swotting up on Ada Leverson? And who will be first off the mark with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts?

Miss Richardson has plumped for the tragedienne whose interpretation of *Phèdre* once briefly reconciled British audiences to Racine. Unfortunately, she limits herself to a modest chronicle of Rachel's life and, up to a point, loves, without attempting any imaginative reconstruction of her histrionic style. This she leaves to distinguished observers, including Théophile Gautier, Charlotte Brontë and Queen Victoria, who between them produce an inevitably confused impression. An emaciated slum-child who played the French classics as though they were Greek, she naturally appealed to the Romantics, and set Miss Brontë purpureally awash; yet to the Queen she appeared positively well-bred: "She was completely dressed in white, and her little countenance looked so well. She was so simple, natural and unaffected."

In her art, at least, she was very far from being simple. The Goncourts pretended that, when summoned to the deathbed of a favourite servant, she wept for fifteen minutes, and then began to study the process of dying with the minutest interest, so that she could reproduce it on the stage. Certainly she once wrote to her teacher, Samson: "I have been studying my sobs in the fourth act of *Phèdre*." And yet from all this calculation emerged something lucent and imperial; the skinny arms, the little Espresso-bar face, assumed an antique pagan grandeur which somehow by-passed Corneille and Racine and filled her audience, including Miss Brontë, with delicious Panic horror.

The explanation of her art may perhaps be found in her origins. She was the daughter of Jewish pedlars who sold trinkets from a handcart

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—a picturesque, avaricious, unrefined couple who were clearly intended as subjects for a novel by Naomi Jacob, and who started Rachel on her grandiose career by making her sing dirty songs on the street corners. The Jewish flair for combining intense passion with the closest attention to detail remained with Rachel—like her religion—for the rest of her life, and gave her her glory. The same racial background has, during the past hundred years, given us an astonishingly high proportion of our great entertainers, and this can be no accident. But Miss Richardson indulges in no such speculations. Her approach is determinedly factual; she has written a biography which is admirably scrupulous in separating truth from scandal and therefore deserves to be praised. And yet, in this book, it is only in the pictures that we find any real hint of Rachel's disturbing magic: a child magnificently robed, her smooth black hair parted above a high, pale forehead and straight, thick brows—most movingly of all, at the end, waiting for death in her garden at Le Cannet, her hands folded in resignation and her eyes turned searchingly to the sky.

PETER WILDEBLOOD

Assembling Africans

Nationalism in Colonial Africa. By THOMAS HODGKIN. *Frederick Muller.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Epitaph to Indirect Rule. By NTIEYONG U. AKPAN. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Drum. By ANTHONY SAMPSON. *Collins.* 16*s.*

You Are Wrong, Father Huddleston. By ALEXANDER STEWARD. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is not often that, given a book to read and report on, a reviewer ends up by studying it, line by line, to see what he may learn, and remember, for himself. This is the experience I have enjoyed with *Nationalism in Colonial Africa.* Its subject, put crudely, is: "What adjustments, compromises, surrenders, must the European colonial Powers—and their settlers—make in face of the claims of African nationalism?" Its method is to contrast the differences between the African policies of the three great Colonial Powers—French Cartesianism, British Empiricism and Belgian Platonism—in Post-World War II, in theory and practice: to show how, from the days of the "scramble for Africa", affairs have now reached a state where,

> the changing social and political climate in colonial Africa necessitates a change in administrative attitudes. European administrators (where they still remain)—from Governor-General down to the newest District Officer—have increasingly to be foxes rather than lions.

Its technique is to examine the anatomy of African nationalism: political organisations (parties, congresses, etc.); trade unions; dissident Churches; independent schools—and the new African leadership: the Negro intellectuals around which Africa-conscious Africans are now assembling, the degenerating and yet inspiriting effect of the towns upon the emerging Africans, the influence of Islam and, against this fascinating mosaic of today's arising Africa, to apply a set of yard-sticks. These "variables", as Thomas Hodgkin calls them, are the scale and tempo of economic development, European (and Asian) immigration, traditional authorities—what power remains in the hands of the chiefs, etc.—and by them each situation can be sized up. Kenya, for example, would meet hardly any of these requirements for native advance: Federation in Central Africa not much more. And, declares Hodgkin:

> The European ascendancy in Africa is not likely to make itself acceptable to nationalists simply by the device of inventing a new terminology to describe itself—*Eurafrique, La Communauté Belgo-Congolaise,* "Partnership," "the Multi-racial State," and the like.

The book is concerned almost entirely with developments in British and French West Africa and the Belgian Congo. For all advancing Africa, however, it is one of the neatest, most stimulating little handbooks one could have in one's pocket. It has often been said, though never believed, that education in Africa should begin with the White man—well, here's a chance.

Epitaph to Indirect Rule is a book that the advancing African could read, study, and remember, with great profit; for it is written by a coloured man—at the time of writing an administering officer of the Government in Eastern Nigeria, of which region he is a native—and it shows the trouble, dismay, and often the disillusion that comes to the advanced African from trying to lead his own people.

> The new councillors entered upon their responsibilities with ardent enthusiasm. But, alas, this enthusiasm was soon to be dampened; for the councillors shortly discovered that not only were their duties far from being easy, but also that their popularity among their people was seriously dwindling.

This well-written, intelligent book is very tough reading, so painfully detailed is its exposition—a sign how anxious the emerging African is to be absolutely correct—but it is important. In discussing that fascinating question why the British administrative officers should train Africans for self rule—and thus "work themselves out of their own jobs"—Mr. Apkan says that many of these wise councillors will probably be asked to stay on in the soon self-ruling West Africa, but that "no new expatriate officers will be brought in to fill the vacancies that might occur."

Drum is the story of that courageous African magazine edited by Anthony Sampson, but reported and run by Africans for Africans (and this means the advanced Africans of the cities, especially evil Johannesburg) which, a few years ago, sent its African reporters and photographers at great personal risk into the notorious Bethal district, where the Afrikaner farmers were working Africans picked up by the police for slight offences as convict labour on their farms—and thrilled the world with the way it broke the story. *Drum* is cheese-cake, jive, jazz . . . "The sedate syntax of the European papers was all wrong for our readers. . . ."

> BANG! BANG!! BANG!!!
> Can you jive? Can you bebop?
> Come one, come all to a
> GRAND JIVE SESSION!
> Ebony Calling!

Disgusting? Perverted? Well, what's the difference between that and this?

> "I dream—I go 'bonk, bonk, bonk . . Shoot that juice to me, Bruce. . . . Put a gallon in me, Allen. . . . Hey Daddy-O, make that Type-O . . . ump, ump, ump. . . ."

That's "Nervous Norvus", a White boy, American prodigy: the latest rock 'n' roll disc-jockey, who's driving teen-age Americans nuts. There's not so much difference—except that to see the Negro young getting all that fun out of that terrible prison-world of South Africa in which they have to live is enough to break your heart.

You Are Wrong, Father Huddleston is no answer to Father Huddleston whatever. I would not include this, *almost* untrustworthy, book, were it not for one thing: it is honest. It is the old Bantu-White relationship, as so many good-hearted White men in South Africa still see it. And reading it makes you see how both Black and White are caught in the racial nightmare of Southern Africa: they are not the *cause*, they are the

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result of a hundred years when things have been allowed to go wrong: they are trapped. Mr. Steward is Director of Information at South Africa House in London. And he has done his best with the material he had to work with. Read these four books together, and you have an eye-opener.

NEGLEY FARSON

Avatars Touching Down

The Brabazon Story. By LORD BRABAZON OF TARA. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Survivor's Story. By AIR MARSHAL SIR GERALD GIBBS. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Brave actions need no trumpet, and the skill of the inventor is self-eloquent. Lord Brabazon, as inventive as brave, a man without literary pretensions, yet of civilised conscience, proffers memories at random: the mystique of toboggan, balloon and racing car; flying model gliders in the Albert Hall; landing his aircraft in the sewage farm at Brooklands; and persuading a French lavatory-seat factory to construct a three-ply airscrew. Throughout, he wryly presents himself as an acolyte of the mechanical age. His earlier chapters capture a delectable flavour of avocation pursued in times of leisure, means and spacious elegance when, before the age of clamour reached full throttle, he could christen aeroplanes sedately, not as variants of the missile, but as *Bird of Passage* and *Antoinette*.

But gradually, as the book develops, Brabazon the pioneer becomes the master *ingénieur* and brisk administrator, a man too variously able ever to be a dilettante, yet missing, even disdaining, *aretê*. He whips zestfully through wars, golfing tournaments, regattas and ministerial posts until, as a director of companies, he can pause to review his life. But with such impetus, what time has he for nostalgia and sense of the Pyrrhic? Integral to the industrial age, he lacks the fierce conscience of a Rathenau. Utter man of action, and of instinctive ascendancy, he is no brooding intellectual. He prompts, but does not invite, reflections on human inventiveness run riot. His prose has an unsteady energy; but the intonations of the speaking voice are absent. Through lack of scrutiny, what might orally have been an exclamatory delight reads as ingenuous fustian: "He took a niblick and to my amazement sloshed the ball a terrific bang." But the style serves only to remind us of the really important thing; of the man who, impatient with writing, releases a mill-race of data. A hustling benignity warms this book, warms the reader to a man of eminence who always relates the next event instead of thinking imprecisely on the one in hand.

Sir Gerald Gibbs is necessarily less of the versatile and unquenchable amateur; he has written an entertaining book about a more specialised career. Here is a fund of genial, literate and unblinkered reminiscence, illumined, especially in the chapters on America and India, by well-tutored perspicacity. The author has astutely observed much of the world; and his treatment of the usual subjects is refreshingly free of the parrot-talk equally usual. True, his semi-historical chapters on the evolution of the R.A.F. add little of significance. There is already a canon of air history, together with a surfeit of personal testimonies. But it is still good to hear a well-travelled talker, and to marvel at further tales of bizarre and often fatal gallantry. A lucid interpretation of the Burma campaign foreshadows the clear-headedness of the attempt, in the last chapter, to define the categories of modern war. There is little eyewash here, with much experience. It is impressive and alarming to watch in such company a new service precariously exploring its autonomy, then evolving traditions, devising logistics, all with disaster imminent. Other books have not communicated this sense of strategic drama or captured the aura of glamorous myth.

PAUL WEST

Week-end Competition

No. 1,386

Set by L. Clarendon

Competitors are invited to compose a poem, on the well-known model by Frances Cornford, whose key line is "O slim, dark woman whom everyone loves". Limit, 8 lines. Entries by October 2.

Result of No. 1,383

Set by Brian Hill

Competitors are invited to translate Baudelaire's *L'Avertisseur* into English verse.

Tout homme digne de ce nom
A dans le cœur un Serpent jaune,
Installé comme sur un trône,
Qui, s'il dit: "Je veux!" répond: "Non!"

Plonge tes yeux dans les yeux fixes
Des Satyresses ou des Nixes,
La Dent dit: "Pense à ton devoir!"

Fais des enfants, plante des arbres,
Polis des vers, sculpte des marbres,
La Dent dit: "Vivras-tu ce soir?"

Quoi qu'il ébauche ou qu'il espère,
L'homme ne vit pas un moment
Sans subir l'avertissement
De l'insupportable Vipère.

Report

It has been said with some truth that poetry is not unlike a volatile spirit such as ether; in pouring it from one language to another so much evaporates that the translator, if he is not to lose his labour, must add a new spirit in the transfusion. In the present competition a number of entrants seemed conscious of this theory, for they called the New World in to re-dress the language of the Old. Peter Seward, for example:

You trap a glance from painted lids,
From mannequins, Bikini kids;
The worm squirms, "Hey, now that ain't right!"

Little Billee and Harry Broadbent also produced spirited (no pun is intended) versions in the modern idiom. But there were many good straightforward translations. I liked Diabloton's ending (his was a feminine snake):

Groping, hoping, every hour
That Man remains awake
He hears her warning, knows her power:
Vile Snake!

while W. Wilson and G. J. Blundell began better than they finished.

The prize list has a cosmopolitan air, for awards go as far afield as France, Israel and Hongkong. One and a half guineas apiece to Robert Friend and Allen Dimmick (whose American snake "speaks always in Flatbush"), a guinea to Mary Visick. Consolation prizes of half a guinea to F. E. H. and Geoffrey Nicholson. Runners-up: Allan M. Laing, Peter Seward, Miss R. A. Vining, Marjorie Kidd, R. J. P. Hewison and P. N. Furbank.

THE ADMONISHER

Within the heart of everyone,
Of every man who can be titled so,
A yellow serpent keeps his throne,
Who if man says, "I want!" will answer, "No!"

Let your eyes drown within the eyes
Of Circes and of Loreleis,
And Fang will say, "Your duty! Don't forget!"

Beget a child or plant a tree,
Polish a verse, carve ivory,
Fang says: "Tonight, will you be living yet?"

Whatever plan a man may make,
He lives no moment that is truly his,
Not one without the warning hiss
Of that insufferable snake.

ROBERT FRIEND

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There's a Serpent lying quiet
Coiled in the heart of every man
Which to any wistful plan
Whispers instantly—"Don't try it!"

When your giddy fancy soars
To thoughts of Marilyn or Dors
The Worm sneers—"Back to earth, you dope!"

Start a family, plant a tree,
Try painting, turn to poetry,
The Worm sneers coldly—"What a hope!"

Dream or scheme or undertake
The slightest thing, you'll never miss
The sinister and warning hiss
Of that insufferable Snake.

ALLEN DIMMICK

O FOR THAT WARNING VOICE

In the heart of Everyman—
Let who will the name disown—
The yellow Snake who claims that throne
Asserts his paralysing ban.

Quench in cool inhuman eyes
Eyeballs' lusts and agonies:
The Tooth recalls habitual Ought.

Plant the seed of child or tree,
Work words or marble—will you be
Alive tomorrow? bites the Thought.

Poising hope or pencil, live;
Every day and every night
Knows the intolerable Bite,
The serpentine imperative.

MARY VISICK

City Lights

Seven-League Boots

Mr. Clore strides on. Boots and shoes may lack the glamour of tanker-building and electronics; but if you buy a pair of shoes there is now a 1-in-4 chance that you will be buying them from Mr. Clore. Sears already owns a large number of shops—600 through Freeman, Hardy & Willis, 300 through True-Form, and a further 100 through Curtess and Phillips Shoes. Last month Mr. Clore took over Manfield, with just over 200 shops; this month it is the turn of Dolcis, with about 250. The actual form of the offer to Dolcis shareholders follows the usual pattern, a mixture of cash and non-voting shares in Sears. It puts a value on Dolcis shares of about 20s., against the 13s. 6d. at which they stood a month ago before the price began to follow the bid rumours upwards. The directors have recommended acceptance, and the deal is virtually certain to go through. Later on Mr. Clore may, by selling off the property freeholds, get back some of the £1¼m cash it is costing him. In the meantime, he is merging all his shoe interests into a Sears subsidiary to be called National Shoe (or something equally descriptive). His two latest bids have brought in skilled managers with the businesses. National Shoe will be run by the Dolcis chairman, backed up by the chief executive of Manfield. One question of some interest is whether the shares of the new Sears subsidiary will be quoted on the Stock Exchange and a part sold to the public. So far, Mr. Clore has followed a boa-constrictor policy but the "squeeze" may make him more orthodox.

* * *

The marriage between Meux and Friary Holroyd is apparently going through, but in rather unhappy circumstances. When the terms of the offer were announced, it was clear at once that they would mean a sharp fall in the market price of Meux shares, based as it was largely on the site-value of the London properties and the hope of a take-over bid. For a time, shareholders hoped that the "third brewer" with a large and recently acquired holding in Meux would refuse to accept the merger terms, but it soon became known that this brewer, Flowers, had agreed to accept and had received—coincidentally?—the right to sell various of its beers in Meux's London houses. Hope then weakened. A number of shareholders (holding rather more than 10 per cent. of the total shares) demanded that the directors should provide more information about the value of Meux's assets and the weight given to them in determining the merger terms. Their request was refused, nor was the final date of acceptance postponed. When this was reached, it was found that the merger had been accepted by 92 per cent. of Friary shareholders but by only 64 per cent. of Meux's—less than half, that is, if Flowers is excluded from the reckoning.

The opposition shareholders then announced that they had discovered first, that Meux's net tangible assets were worth more than £4m and second, that Flowers, after the arrangements had got under way, had bought a good part of its holding of Meux's shares at a price of 50s. (against a market price, before the merger announcement, of around 43s.). The directors' action in recommending the merger terms, they suggest, should be referred to the Board of Trade. Lazard Brothers (a highly respectable merchant bank) and Peat Marwick (a highly respectable firm of accountants) who put their stamp on the merger terms, must be torn between relief that the business has gone through and anxiety that it may not yet be settled.

* * *

The rumpus in Premier Consolidated Oilfields has died down for the moment. This small Trinidad company decided to borrow £150,000 from a company with which one of its directors was associated; in exchange, it granted an option to buy a very large number of its shares at any time during the next 10 years at a price below that then prevailing in the market. The arrangement provoked a good deal of opposition in the speculative heat of the moment and was eventually withdrawn. Instead, the company is to raise its money from shareholders generally—not, oddly enough, in the loan-cum-option way but through an ordinary share offer, the effect of which will be to increase the issued capital and make the present dividend even more difficult to earn.

At the meeting at which this was announced, shareholders had the opportunity of meeting a new director, appointed a couple of days before. It had been generally supposed in the City that the large block of Premier shares sold by National Mining in the spring had been bought by American interests, and that the option arrangements might be somehow connected with the balance of voting power. It was therefore interesting to learn that the new director (appointed just after the withdrawal of the option arangement) holds around 1m shares in Premier. He does indeed come from the U.S.; his name is Mr. Scruggs.

TAURUS

Great Scott what a Winter Holiday!

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A poor man's heart through half a year.
Walter Scott

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The Chess Board

No. 358. Trial and Error

There has been quite a spate recently of monumental and most erudite works on opening theory, such as Euwe's, periodically published in loose leaf form in Dutch and English; the 11th and 12th part has now its German book edition, *Theorie der Schacheröffnungen, S. Engelhardt Verlag*, Berlin. No less thorough and comprehensive is Ludek Pachman's *Theorie Moderniho Sachu* the first 2 volumes of which (ca. 750 pp. so far) have just been issued in a German translation by *Artia*, Prague. All this is admirable and awe-inspiring, but I often wonder if a sort of dictionary such as our good old M.C.O. (periodically brought up to date) doesn't sufficiently serve every practical purpose; except, perhaps, on that exalted plane where grandmasters (and their "seconds"!) strive for truly encyclopaedic knowledge so as to gain precious minutes on the clock against an opponent not quite as up to date on the latest research and its very latest refutation. Do they really need it all? It may well be that the late Messrs. Lasker and Capablanca, no mean practitioners in their day, struck a bit of a pose about their own alleged ignorance of their contemporaries' ever growing store of opening theory; but there is certainly much to be said for putting one's trust in the middle-game's inevitable trials (one's own) and errors (the opponent's). Take this position (Monte Carlo 1904)—/8/1pp1k2p/4p3/p1P5/rP3R2/2bKt2P1/6KP/8/—reached by Marshall and Marco after they had somehow got through the opening in their own old-fashioned way; Marshall, having spurned an earlier chance of a draw.

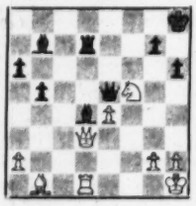
(41) R-R4	P x P	(43) Kt-B4	P-Kt6
(42) R x P ch	K-Q1	(44) Kt x P ch	K-B1

A lost position calling for desperate measures, so Marshall tried (45) P-B6 which *could* have been refuted by . . . P x P. But Marco blundered by . . . B-K4.

(46) P x P ch	K-Kt1	(56) Kt x Q	P-B4
(47) Kt-B5	R-R7 ch	(57) K-Kt2	P-B5
(48) K-R3	P-Kt7	(58) K-B3	P-B6
(49) R-K7!	K-R2	(59) Kt-Q3	K-B5
(50) R-K8	P-B3	(60) Kt-K1	K-Q4
(51) R-R8 ch	K-Kt3	(61) P-R4	B-Q3
(52) R x R	P=Q	(62) P-Kt4	B-K2
(53) P=Q ch!	B x Q	(63) P-Kt5	K-K4
(54) R-Kt2 ch	Q x R	(64) K-Kt4	B-B1
(55) Kt-R4 ch	K-Kt4	(65) Kt-B2	K-K5?

Marco could still have drawn by . . . K-K3. Now White soon won by P-R5, Kt-R1! etc.

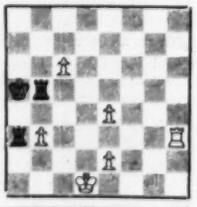
A: G. Marco 1902



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Marco also threw away a well deserved win. Seeing merely the impending loss of his KB, Black resigned. How, instead, could he have forced White's immediate resignation? **B** and **C** (6 and 7 points) are both draws. Usual prizes. Entries by Oct.1.

B: Kubbel 1923

C: Herbstmann



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 355. Set September 1

A: (1) B-Kt5, Kt-Q2, (2) Q-Q6, Kt-B3. (3) R-Q1, B x P. (4) Q-B7, R-KB1. (5) Kt-B4, B-Q2. (6) Q x B ch, Kt x Q. (7) Kt-Q6 mate.

B: (1) P-R7, R-Q1. (2) R-B4 ch, K-Q7. (3) R-Q4 ch, etc. or (1) . . . R-KR7. (2) R-B1 ch, K-Q7. (3) R-B2 ch, etc.

C: (1) P-K6, Q x KP. (2) B-B5, Q-K4. (3) K-Q1!, P-K3. (4) B-Kt6, Q-Kt2. (5) Kt-K7!, P-K4. (6) Kt-B6!, P-R4. (7) Kt x P ch!, Q x Kt. (8) B-B5!, Q x P! (9) K-B1!!, Q x B. (10) P x Q, P-Kt5. (11) K-Q1, etc.
(3) . . . P-R3 (4) is refuted by (4) Kt-K7.

Quite a few stumped by **C**. Even so a good many correct or near-correct solutions, the more so as I was prepared to show some leniency over **A**. T. J. Simmonds who, getting on for 92, may well be the doyen of our competitors shares with C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, C. J. Morse, F. R. Oliver.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

ARTIST & wife, S.R.N., & son desp. need gdn. flat. Willing to give nursing services. London. Box 7332.

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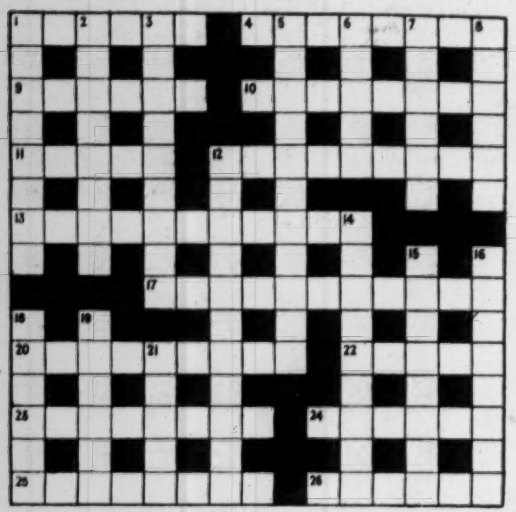

ACROSS

1. The manly woman gives the man a turn (6).
4. Forest with a woman to make love in the middle (8).
9. Dealer beheaded in place of a witch (6).
10. Plant failures? (8).
11. He puts the temptress behind the saint (5).
12. Chemical, most of which may be found in the sea (9).
13. Cover for shop display glass? (11).
17. It is a matter of probability that there is a match about five after some arithmetic in the homework (11).
20. He comes about Alfred being given the part as a man of mixed birth (9).
22. Advantage as a tennis term (5).
23. Language which may be used in the damn rain (8).
24. Straightforward credit spoilt (6).
25. Philosopher society values (8).
26. Post for the landlady (6).

DOWN

1. Operate on the double-six school (8).
2. The track athlete on horseback is second (8).
3. March in which nothing goes wrong and the favourites go up (9).
5. English king who sounds like a tough version of his father (11).
6. Seizes plants (5).
7. State in which the mineral resources are almost used up (6).
8. Confounded girl in her father's grip (6).
12. County which starts having television in pubs (11).
14. Stress change as I see about speed (9).
15. Unmarried woman in confinement, having been ill-used (8).
16. He has a will to try a height (8).
18. Fixed up about the border subjects (6).
19. There is nothing up with me inside the hospital (6).
21. Domestic servant on a bus (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 215

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 215

W. C. Potts (Scarborough), Mrs. M. J. Griffiths (Mold), A. Cash (Wednesbury)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires Film Booking Manager for Television Service with responsibility for recommendation regarding selection and acquisition of feature films, telefilms and other film material from wide variety of outside sources including feature, documentary and television film producers, distributors and renters at home and abroad. Essential qualifications include thorough knowledge of these sources and sound acquaintance as result of practical experience with all circumstances of film producing, distributing and renting worlds; ability to exercise high degree of judgement in advising on selection of film material suitable for television; ability to draw up terms and conditions of contracts for acquisition of film material. Salary £1,525 rising by five annual increments to £1,955 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1993 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1956; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1956. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1956 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £925-£1,135 (men); £836-£1,015 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer, £365 (at age 18) to £805 (men), £715 (women). Starting pay up to £655 (men) or £627 (women) at 26 or over. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Opportunities for further education. Further particulars, for which you are advised to make early application, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., W.1, quoting No. S94-95/56.

LONDON School of Economics. Research Assistant (man) for sociological study in south-east London. Must have degree or social science certificate. Salary scale according to qualifications and experience. Write, giving full particulars, to "Home and Work," Skepper House, 13 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted September, housemistress for group of children between ages seven and nine. Must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived children, and willing to take active part in the life of the Community. Salary according to experience. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, palaeobotany, malacology, helminthology, acarology, foraminifera, mammalian taxonomy. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Interview Boards sit at frequent intervals. Candidates taking their degrees in 1956 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,135-£1,345; (women) £1,026-£1,240. Scientific Officers: (men) £605-£1,055; (women) £605-£962. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars, for which early application is advised, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, W.1, quoting No. S.53/56 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/56 for Scientific Officers.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research of forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). They must have (or obtain in Summer, 1956) a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries (London rates) £605-£1,055. Women's scales lower but being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,135-£1,345), and higher posts. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/56. (Met.).

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St., W.C.1) requires Secretarial Assistant with experience of committee work, preferably used to drafting and working on own initiative; good shorthand-typist; salary scale £475-£595. Applics. to Assistant Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council.—New school in Shoreditch. Headmaster or headmistress required to take up duty January, 1957, if possible, in Secondary School for about 560 boys and girls offering general courses and courses in art, commerce and technical subjects for pupils entering 11- and 13-, some leading to G.C.E. (ordinary level), to be established in premises of two existing schools, viz., Shoreditch School, Hoxton Street, N.1, and Chartsey School, Wenlock Road, N.1, which are to be closed. Later (probably 1959), school to be transferred to new building providing 1,500 places and will offer wide variety of courses for pupils aged 11 to 18-. Burnham Group 22 calculated in accordance with new Burnham Proposals. Apply on form EO/TS10(S/C) (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter) obtainable with further particulars, from the The Education Officer EO/TS10, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date September 28, 1956. Crown Woods School, Avery Hill, Eltham, S.E.9. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls expected to open in January, 1958, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning January, 1957, if possible. Head teacher allowance under new Burnham proposals expected to be approximately £1,215 (headmaster) or £1,129 (headmistress), making total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances (and including two-sevenths equal pay additions) about £2,338 (headmaster) or £2,098 (headmistress). School will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for studies in building, commerce and horticulture. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of special responsibility and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Crown) (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter) obtainable, with further particulars, from the Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date September 28, 1956.

ST. JAMES Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disease—Portsmouth. Clinical Psychologist required for work mainly in the Children's Department (both In- and Out-Patient) but there is also some Adult work. Applicants should have an honours degree in Psychology and training or experience in clinical work. Salary and conditions of service as agreed by Professional and Technical Council "A" of the Whitley Councils for the Health Services. (Salary £550 × £25 to £625 during a normal 3-year Probationary period and then on the scale £700 to £975 according to age. Applications, stating age, qualifications and full details of experience, together with the names of two referees, should be made to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

ADVERTISING Assistant wanted for Publicity Dept. of machinery makers. Knowledge of engineering helpful. Ability to write copy for mailing pieces, catalogues, check proofs, etc. Young man N.S. completed, preferred. Non-Con. Pen. and Ins. Scheme. Write F. J. Edwards, Ltd., 359 Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

PART-time Secretary wanted for writer in Chelsea area. Box 7384.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Head of Dartington Hall School. Post vacant Autumn, 1957. Starting salary £1,500-£2,000 p.a., according to experience, with house, etc.—For further particulars apply to the Secretary, Dartington Hall Trustees, Central Offices, Totnes, Devon.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Applications are invited for Lectureship in (a) Physical Geography and (b) Economic Geography. Salary scales £950 × £50—£1,600 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Allowance £100 p.a. per child (max. £500 p.a.). Outfit allowance £60. F.S.S.U. Passages for appointee, wife and maximum of 5 children on appointment, normal termination and leave. Part furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.5% of salary. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by October 20, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ST. JAMES Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disease—Portsmouth. Child Psychotherapist required for work with both In- and Out-patients. Applicants should have training and experience in this field, with preferably a degree in psychology. For a suitably qualified person the salary and conditions of service are those agreed by Professional and Technical Council "A" of the Whitley Councils for the Health Services. The salary for an unqualified person will be as agreed with the Minister of Health. Further details of the post may be had on application. Applications, stating age, qualifications and full details of exp., together with names & addresses of two referees, should be made to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

EAST Sussex County Council. Deputy Superintendent and Housemother (resident married couple) required at Marle Place, Burgess Hill, a Reception Centre for the observation of 30 children aged 5-16. Training and experience in the care of children desirable. Annual salaries: Deputy £415-£480 plus special responsibility payment of £50; Housemother: £370-£430; both less £113 for board lodging. Appointments superannuable subject to medical examination. Particulars and application forms obtainable (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at Remand Home for 40 boys (Junior and Senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include supervision of boys' occupations (including gardening), and leisure activities and general assistance with the running of the Home. Salary scale £450 × £15—£510 less £113 emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

UNION of Democratic Control sks. shorthand typist for gen. office duties. 5-day wk. Write only: 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

DOUGLAS Glass, photographer, requires secretary who can type with more than two fingers, do shorthand & who realizes that man does not live by bluff alone. Pleasant working conditions, five-day week 9 to 5.30. Apply in writing with full particulars, age & wage required. 43 Black Lion Lane, W.6.

OPPORTUNITIES to learn Italian and Spanish. Plenty of situations in both countries as Governess', Nannies or Mother's Help. Exp. not essential. Enquiries to Parker's Agcy., 72 Holden Road, London, N.12. HIL. 1831.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Posts of Special Responsibility. Spencer Park County Secondary School for Boys, Trinity Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18. Headmaster—Dr. S. G. Raine, B.Sc. A new secondary school for about 890 boys to be opened in 1957. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmaster from a date to be arranged (not earlier than January, 1957). Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial special allowance (probably in region of £340 a year under the 1956 Burnham proposals). There will be provision for academic courses including some leading to General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and for courses in preparation for advanced studies in engineering. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and variety of teaching experience and should be interested in whole field of secondary education. Forms BO/TS10 (Spencer Park) from and returnable to Education Officer (TS/10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by September 28, 1956. (1788)

ST. Luke's Hospital Management Committee, St. Luke's Hospital, Middlesbrough. Psychiatric Social Worker required, primarily for development of Children's In-Patient and Out-Patient Psychiatric Department. Clerical assistance provided and transport available. Remuneration and Conditions of Service in accordance with Whitley Council Agreements and the appointment is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications stating age and full particulars of qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees should be forwarded immediately to the Physician Superintendent, St. Luke's Hospital, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Senior Child Welfare Officer (Female). Applications are invited from persons holding the Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary APT. II (£595 × £20—£675, plus London Weighting). A salary in excess of the minimum may be paid according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and form of application (returnable by Oct. 8, 1956) from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, East Ham, E.6.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require a Senior Statistical Assistant in the Utilisation Research Section of the Commercial Department at Headquarters, E.C.2, to assist in applying statistical methods, especially sampling and regression analysis, to problems of consumer and load research, and to advise on statistical matters. Candidates should have a University degree in Mathematics or Economics with Statistics as a special subject and have had some expreience in the application of mathematical statistics. Salary £819-£895 p.a. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, present position and salary, to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, W.1, by Oct. 6, 1956. Quote Ref. NSN/881.

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250-£25-£500 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

YOUNG lady architect, structural engineer or draughtswoman required immediately to assist architect with international competition project. Box 7287.

COLONIAL affairs, Part-time secretary required for Fabian Colonial Bureau. Good shorthand/typing essential. £3 6s. 3d. p.w. for half-time and pro-rata; five-day week; four weeks' leave; congenial surroundings. Write the Gen. Sec., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SECRETARY required for School in West Country. Pay not less than £300 p.a. Duties will include correspondence and personal secretarial work for the Headmaster and Bursar. One day off each week; one week's holiday at Christmas and Easter; Four weeks in the Summer. Country-lover with genuine interest in the running of a school should write to Box NS 110, LPE, 55 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

SHORTHAND Typist (Pool) required for Westminster district. Aged 21 or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £8 14s. rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write, giving age & exp., to Box 7234.

SALES Assistant. Interesting post for a young woman with artistic appreciation, intelligence and good appearance. Experience not essential. Box 7391.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 97/99 Praed St., W.2, 99 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House).

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

YOUNG woman, good dress sense, wanted part-time agent ceramic jewellery, Manchester, Leeds, Dublin. Alan Thornhill, Hawkley Pottery, Stroud, Glos.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUTHOR-publisher requires "ideal" secretary, as would pass the new Chamber of Commerce standard. Literary, theatre or script-writing experience an advantage. Attractive personality and capable of interviewing. Interesting and progressive work, good salary and easy but unconventional hours. Central London Please write fully, stating age, salary and experience. Box 7415. Will all those who replied to the above advertisement on August 4 kindly write again, as replies were unfortunately mislaid.

PUBLISHER W.1 reqs. secretary/book-keeper, 10-5, no Sats. £9 p.w. Box 7370.

ADMIN. Asst. with sh./typ. for varied work with Germany, Yugos., Russia. Grad. pref. No Sats. Sal. acc. exp'nce. Educ. Interchange Cncl., 43 Parliament St., S.W.1.

PRIVATE secretary required by Socialist M.P. Good speeds essential. Interesting post for businesslike young woman with initiative. Salary £475. Write with fullest particulars to Box 7339.

ENGLISHMAN practising law in Alberta, Canada, requires an experienced secretary. Legal training not necessary. Write, stating age, experience and enclose recent photograph. References required. Lewis Bernstein, M.A. (Oxon.), 203 Hornstrom Building, Red Deer, Alberta, Canada.

EDUCATED women (not over 40) wanted for a variety of interesting non-commercial posts at around £10 per week. Shorthand and typing necessary. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2, Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. LONdon Wall 4609.

RURAL Industries Bureau require clerk for central records system. A well-educated woman with knowledge of recording, statistical work and typing is needed. Salary scale £341 (age 21), £407 (age 25) to £661 p.a. Apply by letter giving full particulars to Sec., 35 Camp Road, Wimbledon Com., S.W.19.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1 TERminus 8566. Employment in Schools, Colleges, Institutions, Offices of Societies etc. Secretaries, housekeepers, caterers, matrons, wardens, teachers, social workers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for summer holiday relief work, 10-5, no Sats. Salary £8. Copy Typists £7. Full details Miss Topham, Duttons Secretarial Service, Ltd., 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 7379.

LADY Cook-Housekeeper required by small London settlement. Residence plus salary not less than £250 p.a. Complete charge of catering and staff. Box 7292.

SWITZERLAND! Mothers' Helps & Domestics reqd. for attractive posts. Essential some knowledge French or German. Duma-Burnett, 8 Bleicherweg, Zurich.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SCOTTISH Economics-Law graduate desires unus. job Oct. 1-22. Remuneration not vital. Write 1190, Wm. Porteous & Co., Glasgow.

WIDOW Flt./Lieut. seeks post companion. Excel. shorthand/typewriting, able drive car, good cook. Country prefd. Box 7265.

ACTIVE middle-aged man with considerable practical exp. in administration & management of voluntary associations seeks reasonably remun. post London. Box 7282.

TREACHERY of wicked city drives young musician (f) to embrace job, preferably residential. Domesticated, experienced cars, horses, food. Box 7288.

MATHEMATICIAN, gd. hons. grad. (f.), sks. intg. remunerative pt.-time work any field. 3 years' teaching exp. Box 7376.

HELP! Accountant (30) sks. temporary post not necessarily accounting, now until Nov. 15. Box 7418.

LADY with spirit and imagination and capable of speaking and writing German, some Spanish & French, reqs. posn. of interest giving chance of a new outlook. Box 7235.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

BLACKHEATH. Newly decorated & furnished flat. Living, din./kit., bedrm., bathrm. in architect's hse. Young prof. couple or single plutocrat. 4½gns. Box 7284.

FINCHLEY, N.3. Facing Park. New, spacious flatlets. Ckg. facs., basins, tel. 50s. sgle., 70s. dble. 4 stud. share, £1 each. Also sgle. 30s. October. Box 7015.

HAMPSTEAD b/s., exit to big garden, gasring & fire, use bath, tel. Primitive but cheap. Cat-owner given preference. Box 6552.

EXCELLENT re-dec. sing. b/s. Woman only. C.h., h. & c., share kit., bathrm., & all equipment. V. quiet. PRI. 9468.

SING. quiet b/s rm. Use k. & b. Suit yng. wom. N.6 area. 50s. p.w. Box 7304.

TWO furn. bedrms., 1 sit.-rm., kit., bath, Hurseal heaters, piano. 9gns. Also bedrm., lounge, kit.-dining., kit., bathrm., huge studio 40ft. × 30ft. 9gns. Tel. in each flat, lge. gdn. PRI. 1075 morns.

SUNNY new dec. B.S. rm. Elec. ckr. S.W.12. Sgl. £2 10s. Dbl. £3. BAL. 7453.

GRAD. (f, 27) offers respons. independent yng. woman own room, frequent sole use small newly dec. flat. BAY. 8857.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HIGHGATE Wds. Attrac. one-room garden flatlet, well-eqpd. & furn., c.h.w., use frig. 47s. 6d. wkly. MOU. 5196.

FURNISHED 2-room flatlet, share bath, suitable professional woman. 3 gns. Phone MAIda Vale 7277 before 9.15 a.m.

CONTEMP. newly furnished double divan-room & kit./dinette. All conveniences. 2 ladies/couple. HEN. 6437.

ISLINGTON, 4d. Russell Sq., well-eqpd. sgle. bed-sit., gas fire, running water, share kit.-bath, 42s. p.w. NORth 4103.

S/C. furnished 2-3 bus./prof. Year or longer. Garage. LIB. 6157. Box 7038.

LARGE div./sit., concealed sink & el. cooker, use 'phone, 42s. Bus. lady pref. West Hill, Wandsworth. VAN. 6728.

DOCTOR has two single and one double bed-sitters in private house Highbury. Gas fires, hot water, cooker, own meter. 2-4 guineas. Box 7369.

CHARM. b/s rm. £1 p.w. & 1 hr. help dly. & occas. babysitting a.m. or p.m. Musician welc. (piano avail.). SPE. 0363.

COMF. rm. o'lkg. gdn. H. & c., own ckr. Human hsehld. 3gns. HAM. 4840.

HOMELY, quiet, single room, all conv., Warwick Ave. CUN. 2519 after 7 p.m.

HOLLAND Park Tube (3 mins.), quiet and very comfortable 2-roomed flatlet. £3 5s. weekly. Single occupation. Box 7251.

COMFORTABLE sing. b.-s. rm., garage. 17 Colin Gdns., N.W.9. COL. 1625.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

HAMPSTEAD, well-furn. b/s., all convs., 3½gns. SWI. 2103 before 11 a.m.

WELL.-furn. room to bus./prof. gentleman. Bathrm., cons. h.w. Serv. HAM. 5957.

LARGE charming room. Use large kitchen; share cost dly. service; pleas. gdn. Civilized amenities, no mod. luxuries. Cntl. Incl. £2 12s. 6d. Dets. please. Box 7385.

CHARM. furn. room in author's c.h. flat, Old Hampstead. 4gns. incl. linen, use k., b., gdn. Any nat. HAM. 3913.

YOUNG architect requires large furnished room with cooker, bathroom, readily available. Few restrictions, near Charlotte Street. e.g. Bloomsbury. Box 7230.

RESEARCH worker, young, overcrowded, desperately seeks self-contained flat, especially Hampstead. BAY. 0987.

YOUNG prof. man requires accom. with meals. Central. No wk./ends. Box 7334.

WOMAN journalist (respectable mag., not Fleet St. rag) now in base, flat needs home nearer heavens. Lge. bn/part furn. rm./s or 1-2 rm. flat/flatlet. Prerequisites: quiet, privacy, sunshine when avail. St. John's Wd.-Maida Vale. Exc. refs. Box 7348.

TWO sisters, musical but office-bound, want furnished flat with piano Kensington/Chelsea area, about £5 p.w. Box 7342.

LONDON University lecturer & wife sk. flat furn./unfurn., central. Box 7389.

YOUNG lady, exp. child care, wishes baby-sit 4 nights a week in exch./part exch., accom. London area. Box 7353.

KENSINGTON area: yng. Oxonian sks. furn. s/c. flat. Abt. £4. HAM. 3089.

URGENT. African civil servant, Engl. wife, baby soon, desperately need fur. flat Lond. Reliable, cultured tenants. Box 7285.

YOUNG couple (& grand piano) urgently require flat, Hampstead, Golders Green, Finchley, etc. 'Phone HAM. 5224, or write 64a, High St., N.W.3.

MALE student reqs. b. & b. & dinner Mon.-Thurs. term time, nr. as poss. to Strand. "Culham," Mayfield Gdns., Staines.

RQD., unf. 2/3 rms., kit., bath; lgt. dom. or sec. duties exch. consid. Box 7364.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

FINCHLEY, 3-rm. s/c flat, 1 min. shops, transport. Frig., hot water. Child welcome. Box 7294.

EXCEPTIONALLY fine furnished self-contained flat (4 rooms, good kitchen, etc., garage), quiet semi-rural area north London (under ½ hr. town). 10gns. wkly., six months min. HIL. 4450 pref. a.m.

TO let for 6 months: 15 miles Eastbourne, in own secluded grounds, furn. bungalow, 3 bedrooms, lounge, sun room, bath, kit. & pantry. Garage. No electricity. Box 7300.

£500 offered f. & f. unfurn. flat, gdn. Hampstead. Box 7386.

BUSINESS couple require s/c unfurn. flat, 3 rms., k. & b. W. area. Pay up to £250 f. & f. or c. & d. Mod. rent. Box 7302.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ISLAND in L. Corrib, 8 acres, huts, boats. Excel. fishing. £1,000. Box 7280.

ARTIST'S attrac. Dorset cottage with studio rm. for sale. Completely secluded close Sherborne (London main line). Lovely unspoilt country. In gd. order—stone/thatch, bathrm., w.c., Rayburn, non-elec. 2 bedrms., inglenook sittg.-rm., din. recess, kit., lge. gar., ample surrounding gdn. £2,250. Box 7350.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE—continued

IDEAL home 45 mins. London. Nr. shops & stn. Houseboat £650. Priv. moorings, opp. Windsor Pk. Main elec., water, tel. Built-in furn. Tel. Datchet 405 after 7.

NEAR Hindhead, Surrey. Centre of Grayshott Village: 6-rm. stone & brick cottage, semi-det.; workrm. 22' × 8'. Lux. bath rm., c.h.w., power points all rms. No business restrictions. Well stocked gdn., lge shed & fuel bins, £2,500 f'hld. Hindhead 745.

ATTRACTIVE Canadian Cedar House, Kirkby Stephen, North Westmorland, to sell or let furnished, further particulars from, permits to view and offers before October 13, to Hewitson & Harker, Solicitors, Kirkby Stephen. Tel. Kirkby Stephen 364.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CRISIS Over Suez: Harold Davies, M.P., and Gordon Schaffer write in B.P.C. Newsletter. Price 4d. from British Peace Committee, 81 City Road, E.C.1.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

MUSIC you prefer when you prefer it with European Radio. Programme details of 25 continental stations with articles and pictures about the music and musicians. Fridays, 6d. Bookstalls/Newsagents. Or Eurap Publishing Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

"THE Far-sighted Militant," John Baird, M.P., in the September Labour Monthly. Also "War Hysteria & Second Thoughts," R. Palme Dutt; "The Suez Question," Quaestor; "Background to the Tory Squeeze," John Eaton; Marx Family Letters (continued); "Shaw & the Soviet," R. Page Arnot. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

HOW to Write & Sell. Send today for free folder, "What's in it for you." The Writer, 124, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

"COME to Supper!" by Shelagh Fraser & Moie Charles, giving a complete menu each week and advice on aperitifs and wines, is ideal for all who entertain with little money and time to cook. At all good bookshops, 7s. 6d.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), St., Sn. 5 & 8. "The Children's Hour." Mems.

UNITY EUS. 5391. "Hold the Line" a Soviet Farce Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

PARK Lane Theatre (opp. Dorchester) 7.30, Sept. 20-28, French Prize "The Quart of Miracles." 5s. & 3s. 6d. Mems. HYD. 6000.

ENGLISH Opera Group. Scala Theatre, Sept. 26 to Oct. 6. World premiere of "Ruth" by Lennox Berkeley. Venus and Adonis, Savitri, Turn of the Screw, Façade. Speakers: Dame Edith Sitwell, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Peter Pears. Full details & tickets from Box Office (MUS. 5731).

ASIAN Music Circle (President: Yehudi Menuhin). Autumn programme begins with Film Show on October 3. Films of music-dance of China, India & Indonesia; Oct. 23: Celebrated Sitar & Tabla players, Ravi Shankar & Chatur Lal at Conway Hall; Music & Songs of China by visiting Company from Peking. Other programmes & information re membership—open to all, 10s. p.a., Students 2s. 6d.—from Hon. Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. (FIN. 2934.)

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JIVE Sessions. Tynegate-Smith Studio, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Sats., Suns. 8ish-latish. Sugarfoot Six. This Sat. Southern City String Band.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Sept. 23: Renoir's The River (U). From Sept. 24: Ernest Borgnine in Marty (U).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Sept. 23, 6 days, Anne Baxter, Carnival Story (A).

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GRAND Dance. League of Coloured Peoples. Sat. Sept. 22, 7.30-11.30. Royal Empire Soc. (Strand tube), W. Indian Stud. Union Band. Gents 5s. Ladies 3s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Dance. Saturday, Sept. 29, 8-11.30 p.m. Art-workers Guildhall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. Tickets 3s. 6d. Refreshments available.

GOOD company at the London Festival Committee's social and dance at the Princess Louise (1 minute Holborn Underground). Sat., Sept. 29. 7.30-11 p.m. Adm. 3s.

CONCERTS

SCHUTZ, Bach, di Lasso, etc. Second London concert by the "Junge Chor" from Hanover. Fri. Sept. 28, 7.30. St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Adm. free. Partics. from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhibition. Admission Free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stns.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, craft work. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-8 until September 29. 1s. Children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Until Sept. 29. American Cartoons from the New Yorker. Original drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Mary Petty, Saul Steinberg, etc., Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Not Suns.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Eric Atkinson; Extension of Summer Exhibition 1956. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Sept. 29.

AUTUMN Exhibition of members' work, arranged by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.), Sept. 24-Oct. 6, open 10-8; Sat. 10-5. Closed Sunday. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

JOHN Deakin's "Rome," an exhibition of photographs in the Gallery of David Archer's bookshop, 34 Greek St., London, W.1 (nr. Shaftesbury Ave.). GER. 6114. Open 10-7 (Thursdays 10-1).

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Sun., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters, 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Jack Smith: Paintings. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Philip Sutton; Sculptures by Austin Wright.

CHILDREN Painted by Dutch Artists (1550-1820). Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy (Diploma Gallery). Open till Sept. 30, week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 25 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Recent paintings by Marek Zulawski. Sept. 25-Oct. 13. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Charles Burton. Sept. 26-Oct. 13.

WATERCOLOURS by Arrobus at Times Bookshop, Sept. 24-Oct. 6. 9-5.30. Sat. 9-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Three British romantics. 11-6 dly.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

HARROW W.E.A. Public Mtg., Sat., Sept. 22, 7.30. "Any Questions?" Vera Brittain, Henry Fairlie, Benn Levy, Michael Scott. Victoria Hall, Station Rd., Harrow. Free.

AFRICAN Forum—George Padmore on Nationalism & Tribalism in Africa, Sept. 25, 7.30, 32 Percy St. (Tott. Ct. Rd.).

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Pk. Gdns., W.11. Fri. Sept. 21 at 8. Rev. Krivocheine "Visit to Russia of Russian Church Delegation". Wed. Sept. 26, at 8. Recital (Bach, Bartok, Bloch). D. Trbovitch (piano), A. Pavlovitch (violin). Prog. 2s. 6d. Fri. Sept 28 at 8. Dr. Guershoon Colin, "Petersburg in Russian Literature".

BUDDHIST Society. We have acquired magnificent new premises at 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. (5 mins. Victoria Stn.). Public meeting to celebrate opening, Wed. Oct. 10, 6.30. Meanwhile there is a Public Lecture by Ven. Kapilavaddho Bhikku, "Mental Health and Buddhism," at Dr. Williams's Library, 14 Gordon Square, W.C.1, Wed. Sept. 26, 6.30 Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s. 9d. post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

BUDDHA Study Association commences new session of studies, Sunday, September 23, 4.30 p.m. Stanton Coit House, Prince of Wales Terrace, S. Kensington, W.8.

ARCHIBALD Robertson, M.A. "This Terrible 20th Century." Sept. 23, 1956, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. at 6 p.m. on September 29, Mr. Ian Finlay: "University Life in Three Countries—Australia, Germany and Holland."

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Sept. 28, 8.30. Sir Frederick Tymms, K.C.I.E., M.C., F.R.Ae.S.: "Travel—East & West" (illustrated). 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

SHAW Society: Mrs. Warren's Profession Today, by Jean Graham Hall; Sept. 21, 7 p.m., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-mems. 2s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, October 15 to December 5. Particulars from the Director, Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. (KNIghtsbridge 6835.)

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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NEUROSIS, Class and Society. Conference Fri., Oct. 19, to Sun., Oct. 21, at Brackle-sham Bay Hotel, Sussex. Chairman: Kenneth Bowden. Speakers: Stephen Schenk: Background to the Problem; Dr. Paul Halmos: Changing Class Structure and Neurosis; Hugh Klare: Social Stratification and Tensions in the Instnl. Treatment of Offenders; Dr. Christopher Salmon: The Significance of Work. Brains Trust. Fee: £3 7s. 6d. Full partics. from, and bookings to: The Booking Officer, Progressive League, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

ROUND-the-Table Study Courses in Everyday Economics—a framework of basic principles for understanding current affairs. New term begins Sept. 25 and 27, 7 p.m., at Westminster. (Total cost 5s.) Write or telephone for prospectus: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 6665. Classes also being held at Enfield, Erith, Golders Green, Ilford, Palmers Green and Welling. Particulars on request.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 24. Evening lectures and classes for men and women: Economics, Statistics, Current Affairs, Archæology, History of London, English Language and Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Comparative Religion, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, Italic Handwriting, Languages, Physical Training, Fencing, Ballet and Folk Dancing. Social and Athletic Clubs, Library, Sports Ground, Canteen. Fees from 21s. a year. Details from Secretary (WAT. 6872).

L.C.C. North London Literary Institute, 248 Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Paddington 0450 (after 6 p.m.). Evening courses in Art and Art Appreciation; Drama and Dramatic Criticism; Languages (including Drama in French); Literature and Authorship; Music and Music Appreciation; Psychology and Child Development; Philosophy and Social Studies (including the Future of Socialism). Session commences September 24. Prospectus on Application.

ART of Movement. London Evening Study Group (men & women). Thursdays from 7-8.30 p.m. at Holy Trinity C.E. Junior School, Carlisle Lane, off Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. Classes commence Oct. 4, 1956. Details: Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

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